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THE EIGHTH READER

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Vol. 8

BOBBS-MERRILL READERS

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THE EIGHTH READER

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INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Printed in the United States of America

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FOREWORD

PROBABLY no phase of modern education has undergone more constructive changes in recent years than the pedagogy of reading. This is well, for skill in reading lies at the basis of success in all lines of study, while a taste for good literature is one of the surest marks of education and culture.

The present volume undertakes to use, both in its materials and its method, the best results of the scientific study of the teaching of reading and literature in our schools. Two guiding principles have been followed in the selection of the literary passages to be included: (1) the interest and response of pupils; (2) the purpose to broaden and enrich the pupil's interest in reading by giving him contact with a wide variety of good literature.

In accordance with the first of these principles a large proportion of the materials has been chosen because it has been found by actual tests and observation in schools and libraries that children choose these productions to read, and enjoy them. The first requisite for cultivating taste in reading is to *enjoy what you would have the taste approve.* No materials are presented except those of approved literary standard; and none is offered which has not been approved in the laboratory of experience—the experience of reading boys and girls who have in a very real sense helped determine the selections included in the readers of this series.

This does not mean that young readers have been equally interested in and liked equally well all the productions included in our list; no such a collection of readings could be made without unduly restricting the range of reading necessary for pupils of this age. In accordance with the second principle stated above, it has been the purpose of this volume, as with others below it, to give the pupils a wide variety of contacts with literature of many types, seeking thereby to broaden and enrich the taste; for taste grows only by what it feeds upon. Selections have been chosen not primarily because of their literary form or structure, not on account of the nationality of the writer, not in order that a certain age may be represented, not even because of the fame of the author; but rather in accordance with the question, *Does this passage provide a clear window through which boys and girls can look out upon an interesting phase of life?*

In order that the rich variety sought may possess unity, the materials of the text are grouped under four major divisions, each with its appropriate descriptive heading, and these major groups are again subdivided into their several natural classes. This arrangement will not only prove a convenience to the teacher but will enable the pupil as he reads the selections, or even when he views the Table of Contents, to understand something of the variety and scope of literature and at the same time receive an impression of its interrelationships and unity.

Besides meeting the demands for quality, variety and unity in the literature presented, the volume is not lacking in quantity. In addition to the unusually generous amount of reading afforded in the basic passages included, much valuable material is suggested as supplementary reading for use in the class hour or in the library or the home. As much care has been employed in the choice of these outside readings as for those in the body of the text; hence the book as a whole constitutes a veritable treasure house of rich and interesting literary materials and a guide to their reading, both for the school and the home.

A feature of this volume, in common with others of the series, is its carefully devised and explicitly developed helps for teachers and pupils. First of all, brief explanatory introductions are used to precede many of the selections, the idea being never to offer an introduction merely for the sake of form but rather to employ it wherever its use will afford a better psychological approach to the passage than could be had without it. Besides the Introductions to individual selections, an Introduction is provided for each of the major divisions of the text, helping thereby to effect a proper approach to the materials which follow and to create an atmosphere favorable to their study and appreciation. A brief letter is addressed directly to the boys and girls who use the text, with the purpose of helping them to realize more fully what they owe to reading and to books. Their attention is also called to the significance of oral and of silent reading, and brief suggestions given for improvement in each.

The Study Notes following the selections are never formal or perfunctory. They are carefully planned in each instance to give the pupil such help as will make most effective the use of his efforts and time. If carefully observed they will stimulate thought, vivify imagination, encourage study and research and teach how to study. Teachers will often find in these notes for the pupil valuable hints and suggestions for conducting the recitations.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

FOR permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to D. Appleton & Company for "To a Waterfowl," by William Cullen Bryant; to *The New York Times* for "Brickley's Kicks," by Harry E. Cross; to Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., for "The Three Violins," from *Smoke and Steel*, by Carl Sandburg; to The Century Company for "The Road to Success," from *Succeeding with What You Have*, by Charles M. Schwab; also for "The World I Live In," by Helen Keller; to Harper Brothers for "The Man Who Overcame," from *Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Hermann Hagedorn; to Henry Holt & Company for "The Attas at Home," from *Edge of the Jungle*, by William Beebe; to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn for "A Troop of the Guard"; to the Abingdon Press for "The Vespers of a Tree," from *Outdoor Men and Minds*, copyright, 1920, by William L. Stidger; to Doubleday, Page and Company for "After Twenty Years," from *The Four Million*, by O. Henry; for "The Outlaw Horse," from *Wild Animal Ways*, by Ernest Thompson Seton; and for "The Recessional" and "If," from *Rudyard Kipling's Verse—Inclusive Edition 1885-1918*, by Rudyard Kipling; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "America," from *The Lanier Book*, by Sidney Lanier; and for "True Americanism" and "Democracy and Opportunity," from *Essays in Application*, by Henry van Dyke; to The Four Seas Company for "The Three Strangers," from *Two Wessex Tales*, by Thomas Hardy; to William J. Hutchins for "The Code for Good Americans"; to Barse and Hopkins for "Fleurette," from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, by Robert W. Service; to George H. Doran Company for "Rouge Bouquet," by Joyce Kilmer; to the Macmillan Company for selections from the writings of Vachel Lindsay, Charles C. D. Roberts and Alfred Tennyson; to the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for "Thor, the Grizzly," from *God's Country, the Trail of Happiness*, by James Oliver Curwood; to Hamlin Garland for "Color in the Wheat"; to Putnam's Sons for "In Flanders Fields," from *In Flanders Fields*, by John McCrae; to Little, Brown & Company for "The Bridge of the Oise," from *Arnold Adair*, copyright, 1918, by Laurence La Tourette Driggs; to Charles Burleigh Galbreath for "In Flanders Fields—An Answer"; to Houghton Mifflin Company for selections from the writings of James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edward Rowland Sill, Henry David Thoreau, John Greenleaf

Whittier, Robert Browning, Washington Irving and N. G. Shepherd; and to E. P. Dutton & Company for "A Dry Gale," by Richard Henry Dana.

Grateful acknowledgment is also given to the following persons who rendered invaluable assistance in criticizing the list of contents and in helping select supplementary reading lists for library and home use: William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale; Adah F. Whitcomb, Director of the Training Class and Children's Librarian, Chicago Public Library; Edith C. Moon, Children's Librarian, Evanston Public Library, Evanston, Illinois; and Gladys Case, Children's Librarian, Los Angeles Public Library.

The Authors.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THIS BOOK

THE users of this book will find in it much to enjoy, but along with enjoyment should come *improvement.* Every pupil should be a better reader at the end of this course than at the beginning. One good test of our mastery in reading is this: When we read a passage can we so "bring our previous experience and skill to bear that we have a clear picture of the sensible happenings and persons in the account, or lying close back of its ideas? Have we pictured to ourselves the moving scenes of suffering in battle or factory or tenement—scenes of which we have been reading, or which lie necessarily back of our attempt to understand the actor's or the poet's presentation of courage or of ideals of service? Without this actual reconstruction and realization our study or reading is of little or no effect; what we have memorized and unthinkingly agreed with will stay but a short time with us and our mental sweat will have streamed in vain."[1]

Bacon tells us that books may be divided into three classes: books for tasting, books for swallowing, and books for chewing and digesting. "Some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." There are some books that we may read as we read newspapers, skimming here and there for essential facts or to pick up points that we may require. Others we may read for recreation or amusement, as some fanciful, humorous or light story that does not require serious thought and which we do not especially care to remember. There are other books that need to be read with extreme care, with deep purpose, and with the intention of understanding, mastering and remembering.

Both teacher and pupil should have in mind the purpose which is to guide in the reading of each individual selection as it is taken up. Very few, if any of the passages in this volume are of the kind that should be merely tasted. Certainly not many of them are of the kind that should be only swallowed. The outside readings are chiefly depended upon to supply whatever proportion may be desired of readings of these two kinds. Most of the selections on the following pages should be read carefully with the full intention of gathering from them to the full whatever of appreciation and enjoyment they may have for the reader.

[1]Leonard—*Essential Principles of Teaching Reading and Literature.*

The pupil should be led to approach every new selection with an attitude of expectancy, interest and alertness. Day dreaming, dawdling and lackadaisical effort have no place in the reading hour. With many pupils the interest inherent in the selection itself will be sufficient to insure the desired attitude of mind. Added to this should be the incentive brought to bear upon every pupil of a full realization of the purpose and value of the work that has to be done.

Pupils of all ages respond to definite tests which enable each one to understand his own specific score of achievement and compare it with the work of others. Devices can be worked out and records kept so that each pupil may compare his speed and mastery in silent reading with that of a standard based on the average of intelligence of other pupils who have been tested. Classes may compare their record with the record made by other classes or schools. Under such incentives as these drills may be devised and methods invented which will have much to do with improving efficiency.

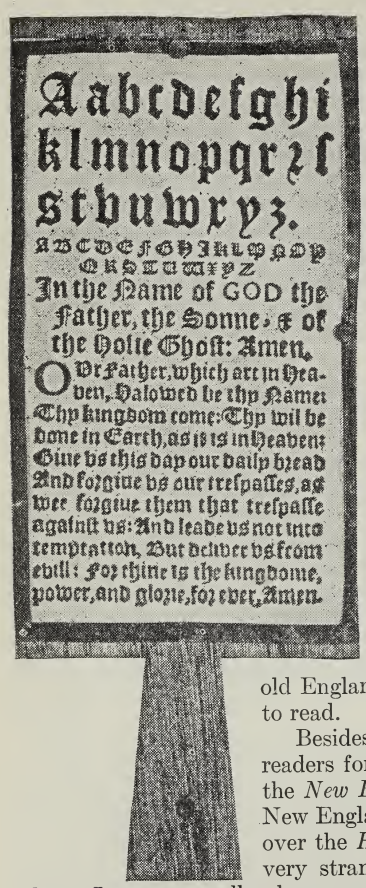
Skilful questioning by the teacher will often lead pupils to enrich a selection just read from their own store of experience through the activity of a quickened imagination.

Although words and sentences are fundamental, let neither teacher nor pupils fall into the mistake of making these an end in reading. Skill in reading is finally measured by one's ability to *get the main thought from paragraphs and larger units of expression* and to organize these thoughts into the connected *central meaning* of the whole production. As the pupil grows older and improves in reading, he should develop in the power to comprehend and put together the meaning of increasingly longer selections. A frequent question should therefore be, *What does the author mean to say in this paragraph, in this section, or in this passage? What is the central idea of the poem? Why do you think the author wrote this production?*

Wherever Introductions are used to stories or poems, it is in order to make a better and more natural approach to the selection. Some stories and poems begin so naturally that they make their own approach, and in such cases no Introductions are provided. The teacher can often add to the interest of a selection by relating incidents, giving parts, or making explanations, with reference to the material that is to follow.

The Study Notes accompanying each passage have been worked out with much care, and it is believed that they will prove helpful to both pupil and teacher. No teacher should feel bound to follow them exactly and in detail, but they should not be ignored or omitted. The wise teacher will supplement them but not neglect them.

Division of the contents of the Eighth Reader into four major groups has been made, as in the case of the Seventh Reader. The authors believe that there is a definite value in such groupings and sub-groupings as are here used, not only in the matter of convenience in using the book, but also in revealing to the pupil something of the unity, as well as the variety in literature. While it is not essential to the success of the course that the precise order of treatment used in the text should be followed, the materials should nevertheless be read by groups of sufficient scope and continuity that the course does not become a mixture of unrelated selections. It is therefore recommended that the sub-groups, at least, of the larger parts shall not be broken up, unless in exceptional cases to provide selections suitable for holidays or other special occasions. It may even prove desirable to read an entire Part through in unbroken sequence.


Aabcdefghi
klmnopqrſ
ſtuwxyz.
AABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP
QRSTUWXYZ
In the Name of GOD the
Father, the Sonne, & of
the Holie Ghoſt: Amen.
OVr Father, which art in Hea-
ven, Halowed be thy Name:
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be
done in Earth, as it is in Heaven:
Giue vs this day our daily bread
And forgiue vs our treſpaſſes, as
wee forgiue them that treſpaſſe
againſt vs: And leade vs not into
temptation, But deliuer vs from
euill: For thine is the kingdome,
power, and glorie, for ever, Amen.

IF the boys and girls who study this book had gone to school two or three centuries ago they would have had a very different course in reading. Instead of a Primer in the first grade you would have had what was called the *Horn Book* (a picture of which appears on this page). The *Horn Book* was strictly not a book at all, but a thin piece of board shaped something like a broad paddle, over which was placed a thin sheet of paper smaller than a page of your book. At the top of this sheet were the small letters, and following these the large letters of the alphabet. Then came the Apostolic Benediction and after this the Lord's Prayer. Over this precious page of print was fastened a thin sheet of horn to save the paper from being worn or destroyed by use. We are told that Benjamin Franklin learned his letters from the *Horn Book*, and that from it more than a century earlier in old England, William Shakespeare had learned to read.

Besides the *Horn Book* there were no other readers for pupils in the old-time schools until the *New England Primer* was published. The New England Primer was a great improvement over the *Horn Book*, but you would think it a very strange reading book for the schools of to-day. It was a small volume containing less matter than is found on twenty-five pages of your Eighth Reader. It was poorly printed on coarse paper and sometimes bound with backs made of thin pieces of wood. In addition to the alphabet it contained columns of syllables

to be pronounced, then lists of words of one syllable, two syllables, three syllables, four syllables, five syllables, six syllables. After all this pronouncing and spelling the pupil began his reading on the Lord's Prayer, which was followed by the Church Creed, after which came verses of poetry to be read and committed to memory, brief proverbs to be studied, and then the Shorter Catechism, which every child was expected to learn to read and finally to commit to memory.

For the children of that day the *Horn Book* and the *New England Primer* took the place of your whole series of readers from the Primer through to the Eighth Reader. There were no supplementary readings, no story books, no magazines for boys and girls, and no libraries with shelves full of books to be read.

Assuming that you like to read, you may therefore be thankful that you live in these days of books, magazines, papers and libraries. In your school readers alone you have had far more to read than the average boy and girl of former generations had, including every book to be found in their homes, in what few libraries there were or any other sources. In addition to the selections found in the school readers you have read many things outside in your home and in the library. This reading has given you enjoyment, it has stored your mind with information, it has trained you to think, and prepared you for the mastery of other subjects of study. There is probably no better test of one's mental training and one's education than his skill in reading and his taste in what he reads.

If you have become a good reader you can by this time read from two hundred twenty-five to perhaps nearly three hundred words per minute, depending upon the kind of materials you are reading. You can grasp the thought of the story or poem and understand what you read. You have learned to enjoy many kinds of literature. You want some of your reading to be of the lighter sort, for sheer fun and enjoyment. You turn to more serious reading to stimulate your thought and store your mind with information. You desire stories of adventure and daring to stir your imagination and cause you to thrill with excitement. You turn now and then to favorite poems with true appreciation and real enjoyment of their beauty.

You are safe in approaching the volume before you with much anticipation, for it offers you a wide variety of interesting literature. There is not a story or poem on its pages that many boys and girls of your age have not read and loved. Here and there throughout the book you will find suggestions for additional reading for home or the library hour. Sometimes these suggestions are for a single story, and again they call

your attention to an entire book. In every instance these selections have been chosen because many other readers have known and loved them. The pages before you therefore present an attractive feast if you have a good appetite for reading. It is not likely that you will be able to read all of the materials that are suggested in this volume for outside reading. The range is purposely made large so that you may select in accordance with your interest and also so that if your library does not have all the titles mentioned, you may still have a considerable number available.

Very frequently at the close of a selection by a certain author you will find others of his works given, so that if you have enjoyed the sample in the reader you can extend your acquaintance with the writer. In other instances you will find at the close of an attractive story the titles of other stories of similar kind written by different authors, thus enabling you to follow out more fully a line of reading in which you have become interested.

It is the earnest hope of the authors that the boys and girls who have advanced as far as this volume will have come to know many of the joys of literature, and that you can finally say with Gibbon, the historian, "My early and invincible love of reading I would not exchange for the treasures of India." Then it can never be said of you as Shakespeare says of one of his characters, "He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts."

Emerson once said, "If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read." Goldsmith testifies, "The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one." Disraeli asserts, "The delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age."

May you who read these lines so grow in your love and appreciation for good literature that reading will mean as much to you as to the famous men and women who in all ages so freely testify to their love of books!

SILENT AND ORAL READING

ALL the reading you do, whether for recreation or in study, is one of two kinds, *oral* or *silent*. Of the two, silent reading is the more fundamental and important. It is more fundamental because one must be able to read silently before one can read orally. It is more important because we do far more silent reading than oral reading.

This statement does not mean to imply that oral reading is unimportant or that it should be slighted in the reading course. It is worth much to be a good oral reader. One who can read well aloud will find his ability called for in the family circle, social gatherings, business meetings and many other places. The beauty and meaning of most poems are increased by being read aloud. So also with many prose passages, especially those of dramatic nature.

Oral reading. Oral reading is for the purpose of making those who listen think the thoughts and feel the emotions that were in the mind of the writer. Before we can do this our own minds must grasp these thoughts and feelings, and we must be able to express them in speech. When Lowell wrote *A Day in June* this was probably the order in his mind: (1) certain thoughts and mental pictures about the earth, sky, winds, etc., in June; (2) feelings and emotions resulting from these thoughts and pictures; (3) the words through which to express the thoughts, pictures and feelings. In the oral reading of the poem you must just reverse this order: (1) you have before you the words of the poem; (2) you gather from these words the poet's thoughts, pictures and feelings for your own mind; (3) through oral expression you bring the thoughts, pictures and feelings to the minds of your listeners.

We may state the same thought differently in these words: The writer's order is *thoughts—feelings—pictures—words*; your order is *words—pictures—thoughts—feelings—oral expression.* First, something in the *mind of the writer*; second, this something transferred to *your mind* by the printed words; third, this something caused to spring up in the *minds of those who listen* to your reading. It is important to note that the thoughts, pictures and feelings which you want to bring from the poet to your listeners must, on the way, come fully into your mind. If they do not, you will be reading but empty words, your reading will lack meaning and expression, and none will care to listen to it.

While the first thing required for good oral reading is this getting of the author's thought and feeling, it is necessary also to make sure of good *expression.* Among the requirements for effective oral expression these four are fundamental:

1. A *pleasing voice,* flexible and not monotonous in tone, neither too high in pitch nor too low, of sufficient loudness and carrying power to be easily heard, yet not harsh.
2. *Good enunciation,* not halting nor stumbling over the words.
3. *Clear articulation,* not mouthing nor mumbling, nor failing to bring out such sounds as final d, t, g, etc.
4. *Correct pronunciation.*

Silent reading. Two considerations usually govern in silent reading—*thought-getting* and *speed.* We should train ourselves to understand and remember what we read. We should also train ourselves to read rapidly. Different kinds of matter must be read differently. Some productions are full of important information, many facts to be noted, or details to be remembered; it is evident that such matter must be read with care and not so rapidly that we shall fail to grasp its full meaning. Other productions have fewer details, and depend for their meaning on a few main points or leading incidents; matter of this sort can be read much more rapidly.

For these reasons it is impossible to say just the rate we ought to be able to maintain in silent reading. This will vary according to the matter. This is, however, important to remember: *Good speed and good thought-getting usually go together. The fastest silent readers are also the best readers.*

It is a good plan therefore to do all your reading at a fair rate of speed. Read every lesson, whether in this text or in some other subject, with a high degree of attention. Don't let your mind wander; don't dawdle; don't be lazy and slow. Make yourself think, keep your mind alert, *aim at both comprehension and speed!*

By actually testing many readers it has been found that in matter of medium difficulty the silent-reading standard for eighth-grade boys and girls is *about two hundred forty to two hundred fifty words per minute.*

Each pupil in the class can keep his silent-reading record in such a form as the following. For the longer productions the number of words may be computed by counting for one page and then multiplying by the number of pages:

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

Date	Selections read	No. of words	Minutes required to read	No. of words per minute	Comprehension*
Oct. 10	The Outlaw Horse	2950	12	245	

*The method of scoring for each selection will be determined by the teacher.

If then the teacher will arrange to keep a record for the entire class in some such form as the following, each pupil can compare himself with the remainder of the class in speed and comprehension, or classes may be compared with each other.

CLASS RECORD

Date	Selections read	Highest speed	Median speed	Lowest speed	Highest comprehension	Median comprehension	Lowest comprehension
Oct. 1	The Outlaw Horse	270	245	215	91	80	75

A college president was recently asked what was the greatest weakness he found in the training of the students as they entered his school. He immediately replied, "They do not know how to read." Of course he did not mean that they did not know their letters, or the words in the English vocabulary, or the *mechanics* of reading in general. What he meant was that they did not have skill in gathering rapidly and accurately the thought from a printed page or chapter—they were not good *silent readers.*

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THE EIGHTH READER

Part One

TALES OF ADVENTURE

NEARLY every one likes to read tales of adventure. Perhaps this is because there is something of the adventurer in each of us; we enjoy doing things that are "different," we like the thrill of surprise, and may even court enterprises that involve something of risk and danger.

When we ourselves can not for the moment engage in an adventure, the next best thing is, through imagination and the printed page, to take part in the adventures of others. If the tale we read is a good one, and if we know how to lose ourselves in it, we can almost make the adventures of its characters our own. We can forget time and place and surroundings and tramp unknown forests, scale the walls of ancient castles, mingle with strange peoples, take part in heroic deeds and do a thousand other things that cause our hearts to beat quick and our muscles to grow tense with the pictures that pass through our minds.

Under "Deeds of Honor" of Part One two very different kinds of adventure are represented. In Victor Hugo's *A Fight with a Cannon*, the adventure not only involves great risk and personal danger, but it ends with a tragedy that almost numbs our heart (Dante says that "a tragedy is a bad ending of a good beginning"). In *Twenty Years After*, the adventure is of another sort: There is little or no risk or personal danger, but it is quite sure that each person concerned felt at the end of the incident that he had had an adventure.

Not a few of the most attractive tales of adventure are told in verse, as you will find in the section called "Narratives in Verse." High heroism in the face of great danger breathes in the poems *In Flanders Field*; the promise of great things impending stands out in Hagedorn's *The Troop of the Guard*; a note of sadness, mystery and suspense creeps into the old ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*; surprise and admiration vie with each other as we read the story of *Fleurette.*

Adventure that calls for great personal risk appeals to most of us, and intrepidity in the face of danger commands our admiration and praise. In the section on "Personal Daring," Driggs has given us a remarkable story of an airplane adventure of the World War. A very different tale is that of *The Three Strangers*, but who will say that the coolness under danger and the marvelous poise and self-control shown were any less marked in the one case than the other!

Three very different kinds of adventure are pictured in *Scaling a Waterfall*, *The Masque of the Red Death* and *Brickley's Kicks.* In the first we have the personal daring of a stout-hearted boy and a brave girl; in the second the weird horror of a great plague reaching out to annihilate its victims; in the third the remarkable feat of a star football player!

Besides these varying types of adventure narrated in the selections of our text, many other types are revealed in the books and stories suggested for supplementary reading. The world is full of adventure. May the boys and girls who read these stories learn to live it as well as to read it!



DEEDS OF HONOR

A FIGHT WITH A CANNON

VICTOR HUGO

This story is taken from Victor Hugo's interesting tale, *Ninety-Three*. A secret military expedition of great importance is on. The vessel of war carries a full complement of sailors and marines, and forty guns. An attack is expected, and the command to clear for action may come at any moment. Suddenly a crash is heard and cries echo throughout the ship.

A FRIGHTFUL thing had just happened. One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents; nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribably supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inan-

imate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing is more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles.

What is to be done? How can this danger be ended? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how can this enormous brute of bronze be controlled? In what way can one attack it? You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no recourse with that monster, a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead, yet at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How assail this fury of complication? How fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts, ambushes,

breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its hull which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw nut of the mooring chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed

to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible. . . .

The cannon came and went along the deck. . . . The marine-lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun, —mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats, or counterfeit money, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo—an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war. But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any

useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable,—it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the main-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water. . . .

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable. . . . The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe,—the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident, the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began, a titanic strife,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human. The man was posted in an angle, the

bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited for the cannon to pass near him. The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog. "Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him. But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence. Not a breast respired freely.... Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied. "Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began, struggle unheard of, the fragile matching itself against the invulnerable, the thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul.... A soul,—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also, —a soul filled with rage and hatred. The blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon

its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows. The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon, a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had, —because it seemed to all a sentient being,—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, but he escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what

it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow....

The gunner, who had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from an old man, held his hand-spike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in a manual of sea gunnery. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster. The struggle was ended; the man had conquered, the ant had subdued the mastodon, the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner....

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved.

The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames. The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work....

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck. As he stood with his back against the main-mast, Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward him. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on each side of the main-mast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards. Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute,... and said,

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued, "General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot....

The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of St. Louis from the captain's uniform, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors. The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added, "Now let that man be shot." Stupor succeeded the applause. Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said, "A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an axe upon an oak. And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added, "Do your duty." The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head. At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed. A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. The hurricane moaned in the distance. A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

STUDY NOTES

Pictures for the imagination. This selection abounds in mental pictures. Phrase after phrase appeals to the mind's eye or ear or sense of movement. Seek to bring before your imagination such pictures as the following: 1. A ship at sea going full speed, responding to the movements of the waves. 2. A cannon broken loose, lurching about the gun-deck upon its four wheels. 3. The sudden accident and the crushed and maimed human bodies. 4. The crash as the runaway cannon strikes the other guns. 5. The gun captain as he leaps into the area with his iron bar and rope. 6. The contest between the gunner and the cannon. 7. The appearance in the gun-deck after the trouble was over. 8. The scene when the gunner is brought before the old commander to receive his sentence. 9. The execution of the sentence. 10. Select and describe the picture which is most vivid of all the pictures in your mind.

Silent reading test. This story divides itself into three parts: Part I, to where the gunner enters with his bar and rope; Part II, the capture of the cannon; Part III, the incidents following the capture of the gun. Test your mastery of the selection by outlining and telling the story contained in each of these three parts.

For written theme or oral discussion: 1. Was the commander justified in condemning to death and executing the gunner?

For class reading: Other incidents selected from Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three.*

Word study. Study these words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: carronade; retribution; inexorable; larboard; ubiquity; corvette; titanic; adroit; starboard; assignats.

The author. Victor Hugo, a noted French novelist and poet, was born in 1802 and died in 1885. He began writing when he was twelve

years of age, and published his first book at the age of twenty-one. His complete works fill forty volumes, the most noted of which is *Les Miserables*, one of the world's great novels. His poetry also is of high rank.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
 Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
 Justice conquers evermore,
 Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on her side,
 God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
 Victor over death and pain.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage.

LORD BYRON.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

O. Henry

THE policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh de-peopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands—'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago tonight," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmie was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door tonight, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!—twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant's gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so

we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

"You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one," said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells."

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.
5 *"JIMMY."*

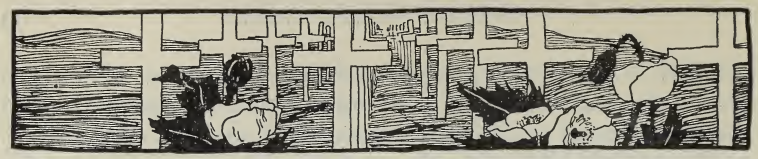
STUDY NOTES

Study and discussion. Like most O. Henry stories, this tale has an interesting plot and a surprise. 1. Outline the plot. 2. Explain how the element of surprise is brought in. 3. Do you get the "feel" of the deserted street, the dark, the gusts of rain? Do you think the author shows his skill in creating this "atmosphere" for the meeting and arrest? 4. Can you imagine how Jimmy Wells felt when he discovered that his old pal was a criminal whom it was his duty to arrest? Do you approve of the course Wells took? 5. Do you think the author desired to teach a moral lesson or only make a good story? 6. Just what would you say is the moral lesson brought out? 7. This story, like "The Gift of the Magi" in the Seventh Reader, is taken from *The Four Million.* What others of O. Henry's stories have you read? 8. It is said that in most of O. Henry's stories there is a quick movement; that is, events move rapidly. Show whether that is true of the present story.

Silent reading test. This story should be read by an average eighth-grade reader in from five to six minutes. Score your grasp of the story by answering these points: 1. Give a full account of the policeman up to the time he spoke to the stranger. 2. Tell with full detail the story told the policeman by the stranger to account for his presence in the doorway. 3. Tell of the meeting of the second officer with the stranger. 4. Tell of the arrest. 5. Tell the contents of the note given the stranger to read.

Suggestions. 1. Find in a cyclopedia a sketch of O. Henry's life. Let this sketch be given in the class, with a list of his chief writings. 2. Have an O. Henry story hour in which members of the class tell or read a favorite story.

Library reading. Stories from O. Henry's *The Four Million,* or others of his writings.



NARRATIVES IN VERSE

IN FLANDERS FIELD

JOHN MCCRAE

In Flanders, a part of France, occurred some of the fiercest fighting of the World War. There thousands of soldiers lie buried, their graves, in parallel rows, marked by crosses. This poem is written as if by one who had died in battle and been buried on the field.

In Flanders fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our places. In the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

IN FLANDERS FIELD

(An Answer)

C. B. Galbreath

The challenge in the first poem is taken up by another soldier, who assures the dead sleeping in Flanders Field that the living will do their part.

In Flanders fields, the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

STUDY NOTES

Phrases and pictures. 1. Each of these phrases from the first stanza suggests a picture; can you make the picture sharp and clear in your mind's eye or ear: "cannon boom," "fitful flashes;" "like eagles...fierce destroyers;" "stains...redder than the poppy." 2. Make a similar list from the second stanza, describe the pictures, explain the meaning of each.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

A ballad is a poem, usually with short verses, which narrates a story. Ballads are often spoken of as narrative poems. They generally lend themselves well to oral reading or to speaking, and not infrequently are set to music and sung. *Sir Patrick Spens* is one of the famous Scotch ballads which has come down to us through many generations by word of mouth. The forms of many of the words look strange to us now, but represent the way English was spoken by the Scotch who gave us the ballad. The spelling of these old words is a reasonably safe guide to their pronunciation.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blood-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sate at the king's right knee—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a broad letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the strand.

To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem
The king's daughter of Noroway
 'Tis thou must bring her hame.

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O who is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
With all the speed they may;
And they have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say:—

"Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Full loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white money
As gane my men and me—
And I hae brought a half fou o' good red goud
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!
Our good ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
With the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors broke and the topmasts lap,
It was such a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a good sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast;
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor good,
To take the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Go fetch a web o' the silken cloth,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken cloth,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O loth, loth, were our good Scotch lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang ere a' the play was play'd
They wet their hats aboon.

And many was the featherbed
That floated on the faem,
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white—
The maidens tore their hair;
All for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see no mair.

O long, long may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And long, long may the maidens sit,
Wi' the goud combs in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves—
For them they'll see no mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scotch lords at his feet.

STUDY NOTES

The story of the poem. The story may be thought of as consisting of five parts: (1) the introduction, which tells how Sir Patrick Spens came to make the journey; (2) the account of the trip to Norway; (3) the story of their stay in Norway; (4) the return trip and the disaster; (5) the sequel or conclusion. Number the twenty-six stanzas and tell which ones relate the story of each of the five parts.

Study and discussion. 1. Why did the king desire the trip to be made? 2. Why was he especially anxious to have a good ship and a good skipper for this voyage? 3. Through what waters had the ship to sail? 4. How did the Scotch and the Norsemen agree with each other? 5. By what superstition did the sailors predict a storm? 6. Describe the damage done the ship by the storm. 7. What efforts were made to repair the damage? 8. In what indirect way is it told that the ship was wrecked? 9. In what ways is it told that the crew were drowned? 10. Do you think the old-fashioned English seems any more strange to us than our speech would have seemed to these men?

Word study: skeely, skilful; eldern, old; sate, sat; broad letter, commission; faem (fām), foam; ee, eyes; goud, gold; queenis fee, queen's money; gane, suffices; fou, bushel; lift, air; gurly, stormy; lap, sprang; bolt, plank; twine, coarse cloth; wap, wrap; loth, unwilling; shoon, shoes; aboon, above.

THE TROOP OF THE GUARD

HERMANN HAGEDORN

This poem was written during the World War as a tribute to the American soldiers who went to fight in France.

There's a trampling of hoofs in the busy street,
There's clanking of sabres on floor and stair,
There's sound of restless, hurrying feet,
Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat,
Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they dare?
The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,
When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend—
But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,
And for all it's a fight to the tale's far end.
And it's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,
When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds
To the zenith with glamour and golden dart.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.
Ours to the triumph! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls, and over!

STUDY NOTES

Poems differ greatly in the rhythm of their lines, which usually is made to match the sentiment. This poem deals with tense action, high resolve, and the suggestion of great deeds. You can fairly feel the swing, the galloping movements, the throb of excitement in the rhythm and imagery of the poem.

Pictures for the imagination. The poem is very full of imagery. 1. Pick out the lines or phrases which suggest auditory imagery. 2. Pick out lines or phrases which suggest visual images. 3. Pick out lines or phrases which give images of action. 4. What mental picture is clearest to you from the poem?

Class reading. Let members of the class select from other sources brief poems dealing with the bravery or sacrifices of soldiers, and be prepared to read them to the class.

The author. Hermann Hagedorn was born in New York in 1882. His home is at Fairfield, Connecticut. He has written many poems and plays, and is the author of several books, among the best known of which are: *The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt* and *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands*, both of which are delightful reading. He is also the author of *You Are the Hope of the World*, a small volume addressed especially to boys and girls of the age of those studying this book.

There is a destiny that makes us brothers
None goes his way alone;
All that is sent into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

A LOFTIER WAY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Easy to match what others do,
 Perform the feat as well as they;
Hard to outdo the brave, the true,
 And find a loftier way.

65607

FLEURETTE

ROBERT W. SERVICE

The wounded Canadian speaks:

My leg? It's off at the knee.
Do I miss it? Well, some. You see
I've had it since I was born;
And lately a devilish corn.
(I rather chuckle with glee
To think how I fooled that corn.)

But I'll hobble around all right.
It isn't that, it's my face.
Oh, I know I'm a hideous sight,
Hardly a thing in place.
Sort of gargoyle, you'd say.
Nurse won't give me a glass,
But I see the folks as they pass
Shudder and turn away;
Turn away in distress....
Mirror enough, I guess.
I'm gay! You bet I *am* gay,
But I wasn't a while ago.
If you'd seen me even to-day,
The darnedest picture of woe,
With this Caliban mug of mine,
So ravaged and raw and red,
Turned to the wall—in fine
Wishing that I was dead....

What has happened since then,
Since I lay with my face to the wall,
The most despairing of men!
Listen! I'll tell you all.

That *poilu* across the way,
With the shrapnel wound on his head,
Has a sister; she came to-day
To sit awhile by his bed.
All morning I heard him fret;
"Oh, when will she come, Fleurette?"

Then sudden, a joyous cry;
The tripping of little feet;
The softest, tenderest sigh;
A voice so fresh and sweet;
Clear as a silver bell,
Fresh as the morning dews;
"C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel!
Mon frère, comme je suis heureuse!"

So over the blanket's rim
I raised my terrible face,
And I saw—how I envied him!
A girl of such delicate grace;
Sixteen, all laughter and love;
As gay as a linnet, and yet
As tenderly sweet as a dove;
Half woman, half child—Fleurette.

Then I turned to the wall again.
(I was awfully blue, you see,)
And I thought with a bitter pain:
"Such visions are not for me."

So there like a log I lay,
All hidden, I thought, from view,
When sudden I heard her say:
"Ah! Who is that *malheureux?*"
Then briefly I heard him tell
(However he came to know)
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell
Into the trench, and so
None of my men were hit,
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,
And he chattered and there she sat;
And I fancied I heard her sigh—
But I wouldn't just swear to that.
And maybe she wasn't so bright,
Though she talked in a merry strain,
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,
Yet I saw her ever so plain:
Her dear little tilted nose,
Her delicate, dimpled chin,
Her mouth like a budding rose,
And the glistening pearls within;
Her eyes like the violet:
Such a rare little queen—Fleurette.

And at last when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her, graceful and slim,
And she kissed him and kissed him, and oh
How I envied and envied him!

So when she was gone I said
In rather a dreary voice
To him of the opposite bed:
"Ah, friend, how you must rejoice!
But me, I'm a thing of dread.
For me nevermore the bliss,
The thrill of a woman's kiss."

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,
And a great light shone in her eyes.
And me! I could only stare.
I was taken so by surprise,
When gently she bent her head:
"*May I kiss you, sergeant?*" she said.

Then she kissed my burning lips,
With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I thrilled to the finger-tips,
And I hadn't even the power
To say: "God bless you, dear!"
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek.
And darn it! I couldn't speak.

And so she went sadly away,
And I know that my eyes were wet.
Ah, not to my dying day
Will I forget, forget!
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

From *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, by Robert W. Service, author of *The Spell of the Yukon and other Verses*, *Ballads of a Cheechako* and *Ballads of a Bohemian*, copyright by Barse & Hopkins, New York.

STUDY NOTES

To think about and discuss. 1. Do you think that if they had their choice, most soldiers would rather be killed or be maimed as was this Canadian? 2. What evidence is there in the poem to show the affection existing between the French "poilu" and his sister? 3. What is your opinion of Fleurette's act in kissing the wounded soldier? 4. Find in Shakespeare's *Tempest* the character, *"Caliban,"* whose "mug" the soldier said his face resembled, and read his description. 5. What do you think should be our attitude toward wounded or disfigured persons? 6. What is a "gargoyle"? 7. What evidence of the soldier's sense of humor do you find in this poem? 8. What evidence of a chivalrous attitude toward womanhood? 9. What evidence of the soldier's bravery? 10. What purpose do you think the author had in writing this poem?

The author. Robert W. Service was born in England in 1874, and was educated in Glasgow, Scotland. Emigrating to Canada he became a farmer and a banker. Later he went to the Yukon territory where he spent eight years, and traveled extensively. He has published *Songs of the Sourdough; Ballads of a Cheechako; Rhymes of a Red Cross Man; Rhymes of a Rolling Stone.*

My doctrine is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best and praise or blame,
That follers that, counts all the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



PERSONAL DARING

THE BRIDGE ON THE OISE

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

The World War is on and an American flying squadron is on duty at the front in France. News has come of an important movement of the enemy which involves the running of heavy supply trains over a bridge which spans a river. The German air fighters are up in force to protect the movement of their troops from the French and American air squadrons, but especially to protect the railway bridge which is so essential to the movement of precious supplies. Arnold Adair, an American air scout, is called upon to go alone in his Nieuport to drop a bomb and destroy that bridge. He must evade, outmaneuver or outfight scores of hostile planes if he is to accomplish his task and save himself from destruction. This story of his adventure is taken from *The Adventures of Arnold Adair*, by Driggs.

MY mechanical mechanic Jean wakes me in grim earnest when he is in charge of that heavy duty. Seven other American aviators sleep beside me and around me in this palatial reception-room, but never by any possibility does Jean shake the wrong shoulder, although I have often described to him, while scowling at my wrist-watch in the dark, the ineffable joy any one of them would feel at being roused out resolutely, then permitted to realize it wasn't necessary to get up.

Jean tells me M'sieu le Colonel has sent for me; and my Nieuport biplane is now rolled out on the lawn in front of the shed. I morosely regard my wet boots under the chair and wonder stupidly if I can get into them. Jean

has lighted the candle, and its yellow glare throws a thousand lights into the glistening chandelier overhead. An old ruined château is now our escadrille quarters. The windows are gone, and war's ruin is everywhere, but enough walls and roof remain to provide us shelter and comfort.

It is four-thirty on a May morning. I suspect it is May, for trees are greening up. Jean's watchful eye covers my movements while I engage with the sodden, soggy boots. Soon he is aware that I am fully awake and mean to get the business over with.

"Your coffee will be ready, M'sieu," says he, picking his way through the sleeping cots. "Right," say I, strapping on my "Sam Brown" and looking for my flying-helmet. "Good scout, Jean."

Colonel Demain and Captain Pieron are pacing the flagstones as I emerge from breakfast. The first signs of dawn are in the skies. It promises to be a fine day. Both officers pause and return my salute.

Captain Pieron is my age and light build. Months ago we formed that careless friendship and *bon camaraderie* singular to pilot-aviateurs. Later it grew personal and deep—and became cemented so by sharing the glories and risks of several celebrated escapades and escapes together. I was pilot and he observer in those days. Highly skilled in the technical science of warfare, inherited no doubt from those ancestors whose illustrious names are still remembered by France, Philip possessed military instinct and acumen positively uncanny. He divined intentions of the enemy, and grasped their importance by sheer intuition. Naturally his genius was not long in receiving recognition, and when I returned from the Paris hospital in February I found to my great joy that he was now Captain Philip Pieron. My commis-

sion as lieutenant had been given me for the same exploit, but largely because I had been wounded. The whole affair was Philip's planning and doing. Needless to say, Phil had procured my commission for me and has ever since picked me out for particular bits of scouting or any especially attractive piece of work. Since my return from the hospital, I had been given my own Nieuport, with my two old mechanics, Jean and Brownie.

"Old son," said Philip, replacing his lighter in his breeches pocket, "do you know that sharp curve of the La Fère Railway where it strikes the river?"

"At the end of the long down grade from the Germans' supply camp by Velantie—I know," I replied, wondering what "solo" work could be done there.

"Yes, it's fifty miles from here. The Germans are evacuating Velantie this morning at daybreak. Their retreat will be carefully guarded, and you've got to get through a hundred of their scouts. The Colonel wants that railway cut at the bridge."

So I was to carry bombs again! I had long ago graduated from this "stunt" class. And why should I be sent in my light, fast Nieuport? One never carries bombs in her.

Like a flash it came to me. The sky from the "ceiling" down would be full of German aircraft, covering their retreat. Unusual strength would be centered to prevent our bombing the railway if by any possibility we should suspect such evacuation. How did we hear of it anyway? Spies, probably. And so, instead of sending over a squadron of bombers in their slow machines, they had picked me to go alone. And instead of circling high up over the field-gun range, I was to skim along at low levels, trusting to speed alone to thwart their aim and to escape pursuit. I began to burn with the thrill of it.

Colonel Demain squeezed my arm as we crossed the lawn. "I had the painters touch up your wings," he said. I should think he had. In the pale light I could see a dusky blending of wavy green and brown, melting the color, shape, and contour of the planes and fuselage of my gleaming machine. The gleam was all out of it. Top and bottom were splendidly "roughed" into an inconspicuous and very serviceable color. At a low level the airplane would blend neatly with the mountains and verdure in the background. Even the squadron red, white, and blue circles were painted out. It was a nondescript independent.

Brownie was crouching under the pilot's seat as we came up to my beautiful Nieuport. Brownie is a stoggy little runt, always grimy and grinning. He had been wished on me when I was a young sergeant because of his stupid face. I soon discovered that he was the cleverest mechanic in the squadron. His final touch after overhauling and inspecting my plane was assurance to me that it was in absolutely perfect condition.

Underneath the fuselage were hanging two reasonably heavy torpedoes. Brownie was adjusting the releasing triggers and satisfying himself about the fusing device.

"Arnold," said Colonel Demain, gravely, "I need not tell you we appreciate the risks of this expedition. You have been selected because of your bomb-dropping expertness and your familiarity with this region. Return home by way of Chauny. The Fourth Squadron will be up to protect you there."

I bowed my thanks and climbed into my seat. "Luck, old boy!" said Phil, squeezing my hand.

"Spark off!" shouted Jean, grasping the propeller.

"Spark off!" I answered, as I wiggled my controls and looked over my instruments.

"Spark on?" yelled Jean.

"Contact!" I nodded, and the propeller began to spin. I opened the throttle wide. The engine roared firm and true. "No wind blowing at all," called Captain Pieron into my ear, pointing at the drooping pennants on the roof.

Pulling my goggles over my eyes and throwing my safety-belt onto the ground, I motioned to the boys to pull away the blocks from the front of the wheels. The safety-belt weighs a pound or two, and every ounce might count on this trip. Moreover, I intended flying close to the ground, and where there is any possibility of a sudden landing you don't want to be strapped in your seat to be rolled over and over in your machine.

A quick throbbing of elation seized me as I sped over the grass. I laughed to myself at the thought of darting straight into the surprised faces of the whole German army and disappearing beyond them before they could aim a gun in my direction. I had long wanted to try this experiment. Flying at a height of about one hundred feet, just enough to clear comfortably the tops of trees, buildings and telephone-wires, my machine could be heard coming, but could not be seen until very close at hand. Their first impulse, I fancied, will be to look well up into the sky. Next, when they do see me, they will have no idea as to whether I am friend or enemy. My invisible coloring and the half-light of early dawn will require exceedingly close scrutiny to identify me. I am traveling across the landscape at the rate of one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour! I had often reduced that to feet, and knew it meant I was going a distance of about *two hundred feet each second.* Why, I would be past them before they could raise a hand. Once beyond them, they would not dare to fire long for fear of hitting

their own men. As for artillery or machine guns, they could not have time to aim them at all.

I sat well huddled down, my legs stretched out forward to the foot control, my face thrust into the wind-shield. The fuel tank was under my seat. A thin slab of armor-plate protected it from rifle fire. A shot can go through the machine anywhere else without causing much damage. They've got to get *me* if they get anything, I thought excitedly to myself. For fifteen miles I shall fly northward over our territory, then I shall cross the trenches, and the adventure will be on.

Our trenches protected our front opposite the village of Vissy, which was still in possession of the enemy. I determined to fly directly over this town to gain the small degree of shelter afforded by its buildings, then, missing their airdrome to the left of the town, would head sharply to the east, thus beguiling them to telephone my approach in that direction. Once in the shelter of the wooded hills beyond Courbey, I could regain my path to the north with little risk of discovery.

It is yet dark enough to distinguish flashes of firing among the trenches. I must chance the fire from our own riflemen. It is also light enough to distinguish two or three observation balloons going up to the end of their tether. Those are German. Their airplane scouts are therefore already up guarding them. The ruined village of Vissy appears ahead of me. Now I am in for it!

With one glance down at the startled upturned faces of the men in our trenches, I dip down slightly from my five-hundred-foot elevation and rush with terrific velocity at the tops of the houses ahead. About the size of a checker-board, with regular crisscross streets, half of them piled with ruins, I notice scarce a dozen human beings who emerge into full view. Not a shot has been

fired at me, so far as I know. No sounds from below can reach my ears through the roaring of my powerful engine.

Instead of wasting time to think of shots, I glance ahead and above to see if enemy aircraft are about. None are in sight. Over the middle of the town I sheer three-quarters to the right and lay my course above a line of poplar trees bordering the highway to the east. Not enough trees remain to shelter an enemy, but even these shattered limbs afford some obstacles to a bullet. I cross two more lines of trenches, but confine my attention to searching the air for hostile pursuers.

At no other time in the day is the air so smooth and so free from bumps as the early dawn. When the sun begins to heat the ground and currents of wind arise, eddies are occasionally encountered, which bump one about considerably. Passing through these eddies the airplane lurches and tosses, striking the firm air again with a resounding slap on the bottom of the taut fabric, not unlike the sound of a wave on the side of a canoe. Flying at a low level is then dangerous, for one may be brought to earth before control of the craft is regained.

This morning the air was ideal; with little or no wind blowing, my indicator pointed to 130 miles an hour. I had covered about twenty-two miles in ten minutes!

Over a dip of hills ahead I knew was located a German airdrome. With several of these airmen I had almost a speaking acquaintance, for we had shot at each other on numerous occasions at very close quarters. If they were getting aloft, and they were certain to be, here would be my first danger of pursuit.

I sheer off to the right a bit more so as to deceive them the more as to my destination. Suddenly I am over their flying field. I distinctly see the groups of upturned faces

about several machines, endeavoring to locate my humming motor. Several of their own motors are barking, and three or four airplanes are actually in the air. Without a sign of recognition, I duck my head and fly directly over their biggest hangar. Looking back a minute later, I see a frantic scrambling about the machines. Two at least of those in the air are headed after me. Veering slightly more to the right to draw their attention, I enter a shallow valley heavily wooded. Two miles beyond I cut sharply to the left and top the slope, flying close to the trees. My ruse has evidently been successful. Not a plane is in sight.

Now I begin to notice signs of the intending departure of the Germans. The sun is up and smoke is permitted to rise from many cook-stoves. Armored motor cars, artillery detachments, regiments of infantry, are busily engaged in their preparations.

Occasionally I see a rifle fired at my disappearing back, but I readily forgive these spasmodic impulses. Probably most of them would wager I am in fact a German scout carrying despatches—else I would not be flying so conspicuously within reach.

I pass farms, villages, streams, and camps. Groups of enemy airdromes are about me, and many of their planes are circling in the air. Once having passed the frontier, I am less liable to suspicion, although, undoubtedly, information of my passing has been telephoned about. Of the airplanes above me I have little fear. The noise of their motors drown the sound of mine, and I am practically invisible to them, blending into the colors of the ground as I do. Airplanes on the ground have no chance of getting started in time to overtake me. Only an unlucky meeting with a faster plane at my own level will give me cause for alarm.

I am still headed many degrees away from my objective. I know of a deep valley farther on which will lead me, under good cover, back to the railway along the River Oise. In the meantime I must divert the suspicion of the argus-eyed commanding officers who may be clever enough to conclude I am an enemy.

Devastations, deliberate and dastardly, are still going on below me. Trees are leveled, roads are destroyed, buildings burned, and bridges blown up throughout the length of this soon-to-be evacuated territory. Dummy guns are mounted upon dummy emplacements. Trenches are dug and mined for the annihilation of the pursuers. I photograph many of these positions from my unusual low level and pray that I may survive to deliver this information to Captain Phil.

From the drifting smoke below I see that a breeze is springing up. I cross several impromptu railways and observe freight cars loaded with artillery, horses and troops. They all lead to and converge into the main line to St. Quentin. Undoubtedly they have been steadily moving all night, moving back to the new line in front of St. Quentin—Ribemont.

My plans for accomplishing my errand were simple enough. I must cross the Oise above the bridge and embankment, then head back toward home, flying directly along the railway track. When over the long bridge at the end of the curve, I shall drop down to fifty feet and let go both of my high explosives at once.

I am across the valley and entering a noble canyon. Ten miles more and I shall see the river. Practically safe from airplane attack at this distance in the enemy's country, I climb higher to get a view over the adjoining ridges.

Few farms or cultivated plots mark the landscape. Almost unbroken forests cover these rough hills. At one

thousand feet I see the tortuous windings of the Oise ahead. The railway follows its right bank. My heart is beating fast as I survey the objective of my flight. The difficulties of safely returning home through the increasing danger of daylight and an aroused watchfulness of the enemy are troubling me. There are important photographs to preserve and develop, rolled up inside my automatic camera.

To relieve my mind, I study the instruments on the dash-board. The clock points at five-forty. I have made a wide detour, indeed, to use up so much time. Every twenty minutes a German supply train is chugging over that bridge, carrying soldiers and munitions to safety. The speed indicator shows 130 miles an hour. But I am in a following wind of at least ten miles an hour velocity, to judge from the smoke below, so I am moving over the land at a total speed of 140 miles an hour. My altimeter indicates 1,500 feet elevation. I nose her down a trifle. Petrol tank two-thirds full, oil feeding regularly, plenty of spark, propeller revolutions 1,400 a minute.

Still flying high, I debouch from the canyon and search the heavens for enemy patrols. They are there! Up and down the river at various altitudes they glisten as they swoop. Banking stiffly, I shoot down towards the muddy current. Against that background I cannot be distinguished from above. Sentries are gazing at me from the railway track, but make no efforts to hinder me. Coming from the north, I am assumed to be friendly, as long as I behave myself. The varlets wave with their helmets to me as I fly past.

My maneuver has apparently escaped observation from the Fokker patrols above. Four miles to go and my objective is won. After lightening my load by releasing my bombs, I'll defy anything to overtake me. The trouble is

I must climb high to avoid the shrapnel fire near the front, and these fellows are already high.

More patrolling foot soldiers are ahead between the shining rails. I have no business down so low, they think, and they are leveling their rifles. "Whit!"—a bullet splinters the edge of a forward strut. Pretty good that, for a German. The alarm is given along the line; there goes a machine-gun battery leaping to their places! The bridge is just ahead. A long jolting train of freight cars drawn by two engines is almost upon it. When the freight cars cover the bridge, it will be protected against my bombs; and I cannot wait around here sightseeing until the train passes.

Swerving from the river, I dive headlong at the machine-gun emplacement. Several of the gunners leap to one side in terror as the roaring airplane points directly at them.

Responding to the slightest touch, the sensitive plane flattens out her course and clears their heads by a few feet.

Regardless now of their gun-fire, I push over the lever that arms the bombs and grasp the releasing trigger with my left hand. Gazing ahead at the approaching train, I measure the distance that separates us. I must get there first! The last seconds of this agonizing suspense seem an eternity. The exact spot where the bombs must strike the center of the bridge burns itself into my brain. Instinctively I know how far this side that spot the trigger must be pulled.

The scared face of the engineer leaning from the forward engine cab confesses his knowledge of his doom. He is emptying his revolver at me desperately and wildly.

Pulling back with both hands, I feel the weight leave me as the airplane leaps into the air. The Nieuport plunges into the column of smoke over the fuming smoke-stacks.

The second bomb must have struck the forward part of the engine, for pieces of flying iron pass me simultaneously with the explosion. The concussion causes a few moments' trouble steadying my machine.

With a buoyancy that travels faster through the air than any man-made machine may outrun, the sudden expansion caught me and hurled me violently upwards through a stupendous vacuum. The next instant the stanch little Nieuport met the reverse blast of wind as the air poured in from all sides to fill the vacuum. Easing her off to lessen the strain, she gradually was brought back under control.

Looking back finally, I see the long train shoving steadily ahead, and dropping, car by car, into the muddy waters of the Oise.

STUDY NOTES

Moving pictures of the mind. This story is of the kind which requires vivid imagination to make it real. Try to make these mental pictures clear and definite: 1. The sleeping American aviators and the attendant Jean awakening the flyer. 2. The early May morning, with the first signs of dawn. 3. The Nieuport biplane standing ready for flight in its new paint. 4. The noise and vibration of the plane as the engine starts, and the sense of motion as the machine rises. 5. The sight of the earth passing below as the plane skims on its way. 6. The scene as Adair flies over the German airdrome. 7. The appearance of the devastated country which the Germans were leaving. 8. The first sight Adair gets of the river and the bridge ahead. 9. The train which he races to beat to the bridge. 10. The sight of the blown-up bridge and the train tumbling into the river.

Silent reading test. At the average rate for eighth-grade readers this selection should be read silently in from fifteen to seventeen minutes. One form of test is your ability to retell the story without omitting important details. Another test is your ability to answer on such points as these: 1. The name of Arnold Adair's personal attendant and the duties he served the morning of the start. 2. The time of day when

the scene opens and the time of year. 3. The names of the two French officers. 4. How far from the starting place to the bridge. 5. The plan for the flight. 6. How many torpedoes were carried and where. 7. Why the Colonel especially desired the bridge to be destroyed. 8. The ruse adopted to keep German observers from guessing Adair's objective. 9. A description of the actual dropping of the bombs. 10. The result.

Phrases. 1. "Sam Brown," the leathern belt worn by officers of a certain grade. 2. "Bon camaraderie," good comradeship. 3. "Solo work," carrying out some enterprise without assistance from other flyers.

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary and note their use in the story: ineffable; château; escadrille; hangar; airdrome; emplacements.

Class or library reading. For the class, another adventure chosen from the Arnold Adair tales; for the library hour, *The Adventures of Arnold Adair.*

A POET'S PROPHECY

Alfred Tennyson

Almost eighty years ago, an English poet foresaw man's victory over the air. Here is what he wrote.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

THE THREE STRANGERS

THOMAS HARDY

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please the less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years.

Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182—, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitants was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted

by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbor-dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them

there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedledee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enam-

oured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion equired. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the

judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand

difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the

country-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door. Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice:

"The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year. "

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say—I'll take a seat in the chimney corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see." This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At the sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows

bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters.

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL i CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all in a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"O, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight tomorrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work tomorrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

" 'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a

lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's the mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pin-cushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe.

The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse.

The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep crooks above the mantel-piece, began:

"O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus," joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this singer were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public

officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at Casterbridge tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to ——?" he began: when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the com-

pany amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

"Tomorrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
Tomorrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' mercy!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

"And on his soul may God ha' mercy!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly: his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take

for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

". . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means." All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this country they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is my man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body!"

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a-painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now I'm a king's man myself, and can give you au-

thority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in your hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned around the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"O, you here?" said the latter, smiling, "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with an effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I thought there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True, so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but

the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with pre-

ternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around.

"And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so

busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

STUDY NOTES

The story. The scene of this tale is laid near the town of Dorchester on the southwest coast of England. The lonely solitude of the heath is seldom broken, and of it Hardy said, "The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy."

Probably the most striking feature of this story is its plot, though skilful character portrayal is also evident. The author makes good use of such accessories as the lonely setting of the story, the rainy weather, the room and its environment, the customs of the times, the types of character portrayed, etc.

Silent reading tests. The average eighth-grade reader will require from thirty-five to forty minutes for the reading of this story. Test *one*: Outline the plot of the story, then compare it with the original and grade yourself as you would expect your teacher to do in an examination. Test *two*: Name and describe the prominent characters of the story. Test *three*: Write or give orally a synopsis of the story.

For study and discussion. 1. Does the detailed description of the room have any value for the story? 2. Pick out several instances where humor is introduced just at the point where something tragic seems about to occur. Do you think the author introduces humor at such points in order to relieve our minds of excitement and strain? 3. Does the fact that there was a full moon have any value for the story? 4. Why do you think the stranger took his place in the chimney corner? 5. Note the action of the first stranger when the second stranger knocks at the door and explain its significance. 6. Do you think the author intends you to like the second stranger? 7. What do you think was the author's purpose in explaining that the man to be executed at Casterbridge stole only to secure food for his starving family and committed the theft in broad daylight? 8. What do you think was the author's purpose in having the third stranger enter at the moment when the second stranger was telling of his occupation? 9. Why does the first stranger disclaim ever having heard the alarm gun before? 10. Why does the third stranger tell his story so frankly?

Phrases requiring study: "lapse of centuries;" "long inimical seasons;" "raw rimes;" "the level rain-storm;" "patriarchal pictures;" "a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years;" "cumulative fury;" "moving in planet-like courses;" "lips that had gone the way of all flesh;" "raze out the written troubles;" "sear and yellow leaf;" "clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy," refers to the work of English archers in these battles; "well-kicked clock," the old-fashioned clock stood on the floor; "circulus, cujus centrum diabolus," Latin for *a circle whose center was the devil*; "horns scorched through," the lanterns of that day used horn instead of glass; "lion and unicorn," figures used on the English coat-of-arms.

Word study. Make a list of as many words as are new to you, find their meanings in the dictionary, and determine which meaning applies to the context in this story.

The author. Thomas Hardy, who was born in 1840, is an English novelist and short-story writer. Among his best known novels are, *The Return of the Native*; *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*, and *The Three Wayfarers*.

THE ROLL CALL

N. G. Shepherd

We hear much of the glory of war, yet what an awful thing war is! Trouble arises between nations, perhaps a dispute over territory or the right to sources of natural wealth, such as coal or oil fields, and war is declared. Then men go out and shoot and gas and bayonet one another by thousands—as if doing that could ever settle what is right and what is wrong in the matter! This little poem draws a picture of war with the glory left out. The battle is just over, and those who are left of the company of soldiers are lined up for roll call by the orderly to see how many have been killed or wounded. Try to realize the deeper meaning of the whole incident as you read.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their lifeblood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory,—yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

STUDY NOTES

Pictures and their meaning. This poem is full of vivid pictures; try to make them real and to grasp their meaning. 1. First think of the battle which has just ended, the roar and flash of guns, the cries of

wounded, attack, counter-attack, dead and dying. 2. Now picture this little company of soldiers. See them standing in line, weary, covered with sweat, grime and blood. 3. Observe the officer (orderly) standing in front of the line ready to read the names from the roster of the company. 4. Hear the orderly as he calls out the first name; listen for the response, "Here!" and the next "Here!" and now feel the silence that oppresses when the name of one who is missing is called. 5. Follow the poem through picture by picture, seeking to see, hear, feel, understand all that took place.

For discussion. 1. What better ways are there of settling questions between nations than by the stupid and cruel method of war? 2. Who should receive most honor, the leader who wins a war for his nation or one who, with honor, keeps his country out of war?

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

WILLIAM COLLINS

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!



IN VARYING VEIN

SCALING A WATERFALL

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

This selection is taken from *Lorna Doone*, one of the most famous and widely read books in the English language. The stirring scenes with which the volume deals are laid in England between two and three centuries ago. Lorna Doone, a young girl of rare beauty and charm, is held captive by a lawless band and is discovered by John Ridd, who is a farmer boy of rugged strength and unfailing courage. The story of their many adventures is powerfully told (as if by John Ridd himself) in quaint and simple English and grips the interest from first to last.

TWO miles below our farm the Bagworthy water runs in to the Lynn, and makes a real river of it. Thence it hurries away, with strength and a force of wilful waters, under the foot of a barefaced hill, and so to rocks and woods again, where the stream is covered over, and dark, heavy pools delay it. There are plenty of fish all down this way, and the farther you go the larger they get, having deeper grounds to feed in; and sometimes, in the summer months, when mother could spare me off the farm, I came down here, with Annie to help (because it was so lonely), and caught well-nigh a basketful of little trout and minnows, with a hook and a bit of worm on it.

But when I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good small-clothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue

worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise:

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love for their victuals. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman River, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen pepper-corns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would most people who tasted them; at any rate, I now resolved to get some loaches for her, and do them in the self-same manner, just to make her eat a bit.

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth, without a word, early one spring morning, while the snow still lay here and there in patches in the hollow of the banks.

Let me be of any age, I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck; and left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt-sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork, firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece of canvas kerchief, with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was. For more than a mile all down the Lynn stream scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being

gray-spotted, and clear to see through, and something like a cuttle-fish, only more substantial, he will stay quite still where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, nor caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away, like whalebone from the finger, and hies to a shelf or stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he lies in the mud, and only shows his back-ridge. And that is the time to spear him nicely, holding the fork very gingerly, and allowing for the bent of it, which comes to pass, I know not how, at the tickle of air and water.

When I had traveled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my knee-caps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, and fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it. I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times, never to be a coward. So I put the bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy river.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had had very comely sport of loaches, trout and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we call a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

Now the day was falling fast behind the brown on the hill-tops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water. I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the center still as jet. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hinderance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black stair-case. However, there

was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog "Watch," sniffing upward.

Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

The green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie.

All in a moment, before I knew ought, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb, somehow, up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool, and whirl around it till it drowned me. I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and

steadied me with my left hand, and so, with a sigh of despair, began my course up the fearful torrent-way.

I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees. The greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of the black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I felt very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one.

Now, being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck a while with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

When I came to myself again my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad," she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beau-

tiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the surf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are those wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes or stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eye-lashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at

her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress, as if I had used a freedom.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behaviour to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it—to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna; I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has puppies—"

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things—"

"Only put your hand in mine—what little things they are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrunk to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the water-fall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

'Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she cried, "Oh dear! oh dear!" and then she began to sob aloud.

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her, and there was no time to lose.

Daring scarcely to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed a while at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen, here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, and hearty!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard, and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind

her. This way of her going vexed me so that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their haste. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in such urgency; although they had thought to find her drowned; but trooped away after one another.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall for her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me, was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark and longed for mother's fagot. Then, as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five landyards of distance; nevertheless I entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing

where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, towards spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the star-light. Climbing back, as the stones glid down, I heard the cold greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness. I scrambled back to the mouth of that pit as if the Evil One had been upon me. Then I began to search with the utmost care and diligence, although my teeth were chattering, and all my bones beginning to ache with the chilliness and the wetness. Before very long the moon appeared over the edge of the mountain, and among the trees at the top of it; and then I espied rough steps, and rocky, made as if with a sledge-hammer, narrow, steep, and far asunder, scooped here and there in the side of the entrance, and then round a bulge of the cliff, like the marks upon a great brown loaf, where a hungry child has picked at it. And higher up, where the light of the moon shone broader upon the precipice, there seemed to be a rude broken track, like the shadow of a crooked stick thrown upon a house-wall.

Straightway I set foot in the lowest stirrup (as I might almost call it), and clung to the rock with my nails, and worked to make a jump into the second stirrup. And I

compassed that too, with the aid of my stick. But the third step-hole was the hardest of all, and the rock swelled out on me over my breast, and there seemed to be no attempting it, until I espied a good stout rope hanging in a groove of shadow, and just managed to reach the end of it. I climbed up, and across the clearing, and found my way home through the Bagworthy forest.

When I got home all the supper was in, and the men sitting at the white table, and mother and Annie and Lizzie near by, all eager, and offering to begin (except, indeed, my mother, who was looking out of the doorway), and by the fire was Betty Muxworthy, scolding, and cooking, and tasting her work, all in a breath, as a man would say. I looked through the door from the dark by the wood-stack, and was half of a mind to stay out like a dog, for fear of the rating and reckoning; but the way my dear mother was looking about, and the browning of the sausages, got the better of me.

STUDY NOTES

Silent reading test. The average eighth-grade pupil should be able to read this story in about eighteen minutes. The story is made up of certain parts or incidents which serve as a convenient basis for testing the reader's grasp and memory. After reading, give an oral or written account of the facts or incidents under each of these topics.

1. Why John Ridd took the trip down the stream.
2. Description of the trip down to the dark pool.
3. The climb up the torrent way and why made.
4. The meeting of John Ridd and Lorna Doone.
5. The escape through the break in the cliff.

Study and discussion. 1. Can you picture in your imagination the stream down which John went fishing? 2. Instead of being barefoot in icy waters how would a fisherman of to-day be equipped? 3. John Ridd could not explain why a stick or a line of light appears bent at an angle where it passes from the air into the water. Can you explain it? 4. At what distance from John's home did the Bagworthy water flow

into the Lynn? 5. Where did John first begin to have good luck with his fishing? 6. Can you picture and describe the whirlpool and the slope of water that led to it: size, light, sounds, appearance, strength of current, etc.? 7. Wherein lay the danger in making the ascent? 8. What danger did Lorna Doone tell John Ridd about? 9. Why would the Doones not want a stranger to find his way into or out of their glen? 10. What evidence do you find that John Ridd was somewhat stunned in his fall in trying to escape through the cliff? 11. Would John Ridd have made a good Boy Scout? 12. Did he take unnecessary risk in attempting to scale the torrent?

Class reading. Find in the volume *Lorna Doone* other especially interesting incidents and read or tell one before the class.

Oral or written themes. 1. My most interesting fishing trip. 2. The most dangerous adventure I have ever had.

The author. Richard D. Blackmore (1825–1900) was an English novelist. He was trained for the law but took to writing tales instead. Although *Lorna Doone* proved so successful, no others of a score of volumes written by him are widely read as compared with this famous book.

In men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line,
 Where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

If Happiness has not her seat
 And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

Edgar Allan Poe

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and lighthearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were *improvisatori*, there were ballet-

dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding-doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the Prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color

of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and, so, glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes

had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the Prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There were some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fete;* and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani.* There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these —the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes

the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was as uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new pres-

ence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum.

There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight, rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him, on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to

within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

STUDY NOTES

The *Short Story* is a distinctly modern form of fiction. Its standard form—although this has many modifications—consists of (1) a brief introduction; (2) the body of the story, which with direct and rapid movement leads up to a climax; and (3) a brief conclusion. Poe was the originator of the modern Short Story and one of its greatest masters, his fame resting quite as much on this type of writing as on his poems.

For study and discussion. 1. The introduction in this story is the part that leads up to the account of the ball; how many paragraphs? 2. At what point in the story is the climax reached? 3. How many lines are given to the conclusion? 4. What would you say is the central theme or idea of the story? 5. Do you think that fear of death by the plague would be greater in the times before the cause and modes of

contagion were understood? 6. Refer to the cyclopedia or your history texts and tell of several of the worst scourges of the plague. 7. What different devices does Poe use to give a sense of the horror and mystery? 8. Do you think the personifying of the Red Death adds to the feeling of its horror? What picture symbol of death is often employed? Do you think it is a good symbol, and that it ought to be used? 9. Do you think the dramatic effect Poe desired to produce was made greater by having the thousand persons all in one company when attacked by the plague? Do we feel and respond differently to a single mine accident which kills a hundred men than to a series of widely scattered accidents aggregating the same number of deaths, but killing only one or a few in each case? 10. What diseases which formerly were greatly dreaded have been practically stamped out during the last century?

Silent reading test. The average eighth-grade pupil will require about ten minutes for the reading of this story. Test your grasp of the story in one or both of these ways: Retell the story, omitting no important *personages, incidents* or *descriptions. Or* answer such points as these: 1. Details of the effects of the Red Death upon its victim. 2. An account of the Prince's withdrawal into his castle. 3. A description of the suite of rooms where the masqued ball was held (draw a diagram?). 4. A description of the clock. 5. The time of night when the climax occurs. 6. A description of the stranger who appeared in masque. 7. An account of the prince's orders for the stranger's arrest and the sequel. 8. The evidence that the prince was no coward.

Phrases for study. "Masquerade license" (compare with *poetic license*); "out-Heroded Herod;" "sustain its rôle," "attained the extremity;" "castellated abbeys." Find a phrase in the last paragraph which gives evidence that Poe had read the Bible.

Word study. These words are to be found in the Glossary: avatar, dissolution, improvisatori, bizarre, piquancy, phantasm, arabesque, cerements.

Library or home reading. Poe's *The Gold Bug.*

The author. Edgar Allan Poe lived but forty years (1809–1849), and much of this time in poverty. It is to be feared that he led a rather dissolute life, being much of a rambler and addicted to drink. As a writer of Short Stories, Poe ranks among the world's leaders, though many of his tales are so weird and full of horror as not to be very pleasant reading. *The Gold Bug* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* are among the best known of his stories; *The Raven* and *Annabel Lee* are the most widely read of his poems.

BRICKLEY'S KICKS

HARRY E. CROSS

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, November 22.—He is a short, chunky youngster of twenty-one summers. His black hair is curly, and there is always a smile on his boyish face. He has a nerve of chilled steel, and is so cool that he could face the jaws of destruction without a quiver. This is Charley Brickley, whose name was engraved in football history at Soldiers Field this afternoon as one of the greatest individual gridiron heroes who ever wore the flaming crimson of Harvard. Brickley was the whole Harvard team against Yale this afternoon, and with his talented toe he booted the pigskin over Eli's goal post five times, scoring all the points, which buried the Blue in a 15 to 5 defeat.

The "newsies" here tonight are not screaming about Harvard triumph. They are yelling "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! All about the New Haven Wreck!" The New Haven Wreck is Captain Ketcham's team, exhausted, played out to the last ounce of human strength, and beaten decisively by Percy Haughton's big Crimson team, which showed itself to be one of the best-drilled football machines which ever trod on a gridiron.

"Fair Harvard," all her sons, young and old, are delirious with joy tonight. It is the first time Harvard has ever defeated Yale in the huge Greek stadium, and it is the first time since away back in the gray past of 1875 that Harvard has ever defeated Yale two years in succession. Arm in arm Harvard parades the streets of Boston town; they crowd the hotels and restaurants; they

jam the theaters; and create the greatest turmoil this city has known for years.

Yale, with all its fighting spirit, all its grit, and bulldog tenacity, was no match for Harvard. Guernsey kicked one field goal, and O'Brien of Harvard made a stupid play, which scored a safety against his own team.

The field goal of three points and the safety of two points was the total of Yale's effort against this irrepressible eleven. Perhaps never before on a college gridiron has anything ever been seen like Brickley's work this afternoon. Wisely the Crimson team has been constructed around this marvelous drop-kicker. With a snappy aggressiveness which would not be denied, Harvard rushed the ball within striking distance of the Eli goal. Then they called on Brickley. He booted over four goals from the field and kicked one from placement, and one of the marvelous incidents of the day was that Brickley tried another kick from placement. One was on the 45-yard line, and he missed. How he missed it no one knows.

The game was one of the most picturesque football spectacles ever seen in this country. More than forty-four thousand people jammed the colossal cement amphitheater. A day as warm as an early September afternoon, a gleaming sun, and a cloudless sky made a perfect day for the game. All the girlish beauty of the land mingled with the student thousands who crowded tier upon tier in the great colosseum.

When the Yale rush was smothered, when Charley Brickley had made his last plunge, and when the last fatigued Eli warrior limped away from the howling pandemonium which reigned on Soldiers Field, the big copper disk of the November sun, like a great splash of crimson color, dipped from behind the horizon back of the

serpent-like Charles River. The crimson rays cast a shadow over the field. The shadow from the goal posts fell upon the soft green turf in the shape of a huge letter "H." Truly it was Harvard's day. Then the outburst of song:

"See where the Crimson banners fly,
Hark to the sound of trampling feet,
There is a host approaching nigh,
Harvard is marching up the street."

It rang out like a roar of thunder. The strains of the band were lost. The raucous outburst of jubilant students, the tumult, and the shouting of "grads" will never be forgotten in football annals. Again the deep bass song of happy young men rolled and echoed across the stadium:

"The sun will set in Crimson,
As the sun has set before,
For this is Harvard's day."

Best of all, it was a great football game. There was plenty of rushing, plenty of punting, dazzling end-runs, and spectacular drop-kicking. When the first half ended, the score was 6 to 5 in Harvard's favor. Up to that time it was anybody's game.

In the first period Harvard had shown that their team could score at any time they could bring the ball near enough to Yale's goal to give Brickley a chance to kick. In the second period Yale awoke to an outburst of football that carried Harvard off its feet. The Yale line rose as one man and pushed back the heavy Crimson forwards. The Eli backs hurled themselves into the fray with undeniable intensity.

For once Harvard was slipping. Yale, in the heat and fury of the strife, was going ahead with Herculean strength.

The pounding and the punching at the Harvard line had the latter groggy when the first half ended.

The ten minutes' intermission was just what Harvard needed. The bruised and battered line had time to collect its wits. And when the third period came Yale found that in that turbulent second period the team had shot its bolt.

No team ever fought more fiercely or more earnestly than Yale did. The Elis knew they had a chance, and they were making the most of it, but they tried so hard in that second period, when their proud march toward triumph was interrupted by intermission, that they were about tired out. With gameness and undying nerve they fought it out to the end. They struggled like madmen to break through and smother Brickley as he made his kicks.

Stubborn to the last degree, the Harvard defense wound itself around the talented Brickley so compactly that no one could get near him. Surrounded by the sturdy wall of Crimson players, Brickley was as safe from interference as if he had been in a safety-deposit vault.

Brickley kicking his field goals was a picture. As cool as an arctic winter he was at all times. He invariably chose a smooth place on the lawnlike gridiron. He held the ball in his hands, and his keen blue eyes measured the distance perfectly. He waited and waited. To the crowd in the Yale stands it seemed like ages. No hurry or flurry, no nervousness, Brickley's mind was on his task. He took his own sweet time and smiled at the Yale players as they battled to get at him. Not a kick was blocked, as a defense had been built around the Crimson kicker that could not be broken. His unerring toe always caught the ball right and sent it spinning like a top over the crossbar.

Except for Yale's game rally in the second period the Blue was outplayed by a far superior team. But it was not beaten until the last minute, and Harvard had to

watch the Yale players every second. Alexander Wilson was threatening to break loose, and Martin, the center rush, and Avery, the plucky Yale end, were forever smashing to swing through in a way that had Harvard scared. Ketcham, with fierce aggressiveness, was playing the game of his life; he played so hard that he was inexcusably rough, and twice Referee Langford had to warn the Yale captain. Once Ketcham was so bad that Yale was penalized 15 yards, and this penalty put Harvard in position to have Brickley kick his first field goal.

In the third period Yale became wobbling in the face of the Crimson assault. Two more field goals in that period put Harvard on easy street. It was not until then that the hope of the Yale crowd began to fade. The great horde of Yale men in the east stood up and with bared heads broke into that impressive college chant.

With tremendous volume the song rolled over the field: "For God, for country, and for Yale."

That was the finish. The fast-tiring players on the field heard it. It rang in their ears; their fatigue was forgotten; once again they braced against the Crimson and they tried for all they were worth. But it was too late; they couldn't stop the Harvard rushes and hold their own in punting, and they could not get at Brickley.

Brickley was everywhere. When every scrimmage unraveled itself on the gridiron and a Yale man came out of the heap, he found himself looking at Brickley. Brickley was wonderful on the defense and tore through time and again and stopped the Yale backs.

He intercepted forward passes with uncanny ease. Football seemed second nature to him. He knew where every Yale play was going and was always in the way. Yale wasn't fighting a football team. They were gamely carrying on a hopeless fight against one man. Ketcham

and Warren and Knowles tackled him and buried his nose in the grass. They hurled him down with fury, but they could not hurt him. Every time Brickley came up smiling. When they threw him he bounded up again as if on springs. He wouldn't quit. He took his medicine like a soldier and was always ready to make a drop-kick when called upon.

Most of Harvard's game was Brickley. It was Brickley this, and Brickley that, and Brickley the other thing. No man had ever meant quite so much to a football team. An irresistible, irrepressive terror was Brickley. And yet it was the wonderful well-drilled Harvard machine that made it possible for the Harvard wonder to beat Yale single handed—or, rather, single footed. It was a Harvard team perfectly taught in the fundamentals of football that kept the enemy away while he kicked goal after goal, each one of which meant a deeper humiliation for Yale.

This Harvard team made no mistakes. It handled the ball without a muff. It carried its campaign through without an error. Another surprise of Harvard's game was the punting of Eddy Mahan. From the start he had the edge on Knowles of Yale. His kicks were high and far, and the Harvard ends were down under them like rockets. Wilson got few chances to run back punts. Harvard's ends outplayed and outgeneraled the Blue wings from the start.

Mahan caught Knowles's first punt after the kick-off, and like a frightened deer he rushed the ball back 25 yards before Ketcham buried him. Brickley and Bradlee hurled themselves into the line, but found it stiff. Then Mahan kicked; Knowles kicked back, and Mahan kicked again; and Harvard gained on the kicks.

Yale, with confidence in Knowles, kept on kicking. Mahan, early in the first period, broke loose and rushed the

ball back 23 yards. Then he hurled a forward pass at O'Brien, but it was intercepted. It was third down, so Brickley, with a nerve that must be reckoned with, tried a drop-kick from the 50-yard line, and it failed. No wonder. Logan mixed another forward pass into the attack, and that also failed. Yale got the ball on the 20-yard line, and Knowles tried a line plunge, but was abruptly halted. Knowles had to kick. Brickley caught the ball, and two or three Yale players were on him at once. Ketcham came tearing along and jumped into the fray. For this Ketcham was warned, and Yale was penalized 15 yards. Mahan took the ball and rushed to Yale's 20-yard line, but the Yale defense stiffened, and Brickley dropped back to the 25-yard line and put over the field goal. It was easy for him.

The picture which followed this score will never be forgotten. The whole stand was on its feet. Every student brought forth a crimson handkerchief, and the Stadium became a riot of resplendent color. The man behind the bass drum did his best to break it, but he couldn't. The horns blared forth like a peal of thunder. The noise became earsplitting, and the roar of approval of Mr. Brickley's feat became deafening. Harvard had started. From that time they went on with renewed energy.

On the kick-off after this play, the ball from Guernsey's toe hit the goal post and bounded back onto the field. O'Brien, the Harvard end, became sadly confused in the excitement. He picked up the ball, for some unaccountable reason, and planted it behind his own goal line.

There was a long wrangle between the players and Referee Langford finally decided that it was a safety. After the first period, with the score 3 to 2, the Yale stand began to sing "Good Night, Harvard," which is the best college song that has been sung in years, and maybe Yale couldn't sing it, too. In fact, the singing and cheering at today's game by both

sides was the best that has ever been heard at a football game.

Shortly after play was resumed Mahan got off a kick, which sailed over Wilson's head and netted Harvard about 75 yards. It was a beauty.

Early in the second period Knowles punted to Yale's 37-yard line, where Mahan made a fair catch, and from that line Brickley made a kick from placement.

After Mahan had punted to Wilson, the Yale quarter back fumbled the ball, but recovered it and then pulled off the best run of the game, dodging up the field for a run of 35 yards and planting the ball on Harvard's 35-yard line. Knowles and Ainsworth, in two vicious rushes, carried the ball to the 25-yard line. Guernsey dropped back to the 35-yard line and kicked a field goal, and then it was Yale's time to yell. And they did.

With renewed encouragement Yale awoke to the best outburst of football of the game. After Mahan, Brickley, and Bradlee had smashed through for 15 yards, Yale showed a wonderful brace and took the ball away from Harvard on downs. Knowles, on a fake-kick formation, made a pretty run of 25 yards, and Yale's chances looked bright.

Ainsworth skirted the end for 15 yards, and Harvard was falling back in an alarming way. Time was nearly up, and Yale cohorts implored Guernsey to try a field goal. He fell back. With only a few seconds of time left, he seemed an hour getting the ball. Captain Ketcham patted his men on the back and told them to hold as they never held before. A silence fell over the Stadium as Guernsey dropped back to the 35-yard line. He made a pretty try at the goal, but missed the crossbar by a few inches. The first half was over.

The Yale crowds were in high spirits between halves, and began to sing "Bulldog, Bulldog, Wow, Wow, Wow—Eli,

Eli, Yale." Wilson opened the third period with a 15-yard run through the line.

Knowles followed this up with a break of 30 yards through the Harvard team, and then Yale was through. Harvard came back like a raging storm, and the Crimson began to batter down the Yale backs. Yale fought gamely, but it was a losing fight.

"Red" Brann, Yale's promising end, was sent into the strife. He began to tackle like a fiend, and for a while Yale picked up hope.

But Harvard's attack became overwhelming. The Crimson began to ride over them roughshod. Dana at end for Harvard started to skirt the Yale ends, and they couldn't stop him. Yale was slipping. Brickley broke loose on a plunge through the line and went along on a revolving run of 30 yards. He brought the ball again within kicking distance of Yale's goal, and from the 31-yard line kicked another field goal.

In the last period Brickley, Mahan, and Dana all made splendid rushes and pushed the Yale line back. Yale was penalized 15 yards for holding in the line, and Brickley and Mahan brought the ball down to Yale's 10-yard line. The Harvard people yelled for a touchdown. The Crimson backs in a furious attack assaulted the sturdy Blue line, and it was like a rock. Yale wouldn't budge.

"Hold 'em," yelled the Yale stands, and they were firm. But Brickley walked coolly back to the 20-yard line and booted over another field goal.

When the game was over, Harvard stormed onto the gridiron; every student in Cambridge was there, and behind the band the Crimson boys, frenzied with joy, went through the dazzling mazes of the serpentine dance in a way that has never been seen before on Soldiers Field. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Every student in the parade threw

his hat over the goal posts, and few of them got their hats back. The jubilation lasted for an hour after the game, and then the throngs of victorious students moved on to Boston. They took the old town by storm. The streets became alive with roistering young men. Dignity was forgotten. Boston blue laws were obliterated; all restraint was lost; and at midnight in street, avenue, and alley Harvard's victory was being sung to a starlit sky.

Way down Washington Street comes the echo of a dying song:

"Glory, glory for the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's day."

It grows fainter and fainter and is finally lost, and then comes along a new horde of Crimson Indians taking up the song.

It was a great victory for a great team. Boston's head aches from the noise and the revelry.

STUDY NOTES

This story was written by a young reporter for the *New York Times*, and is a fine example of good newspaper style.

For study and discussion. 1. Where is Harvard University located? Yale University? 2. Explain the plays "field goal" and "safety." 3. Explain "drop kick"; kick from "placement"; "punt"; "end-run"; to "kick goal"; "kick-off." 4. How do you account for O'Brien's mistake? What should he have done with the ball? 5. What qualities do you think make a good football player? Are these qualities needed in other lines as well? 6. Is a foul play ever justifiable? 7. Which do you think is the harder, to be a good winner or a good loser? 8. Make a list of the qualities displayed by the Harvard team; by the Yale team. 9. Do you think the Yale team was disgraced in the eyes of good sportsmen by its defeat? 10. What are the colors of Harvard and of Yale? 11. Yale was named for Elihu Yale, one of its founders. Does this help you explain any term used several times in the story?

Phrases for study. "Nerve of chilled steel"; "howling pande-

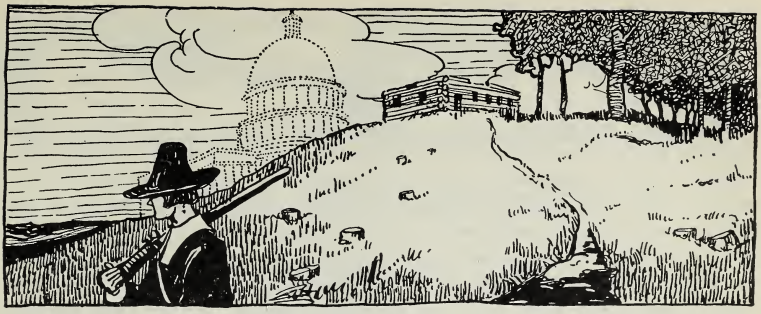
monium"; "Harvard's day"; "Herculean strength"; "uncanny ease"; "Boston blue laws"; "Crimson Indians."

For class debate. *Resolved*, that baseball is a more interesting game for the spectator than football.

For written theme. A description of some game you have watched. Try to make it as interesting as the one written by Harry E. Cross.

FOR HOME OR LIBRARY READING

Adventures in Alaska.....Young
Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp
.....Dugmore
African Adventure Stories...Loring
Blue Pearl.....Scoville
Bobby of the Labrador.....Wallace
Call of the Off Shore Wind...Paine
Cudjo's Cave.....Trowbridge
Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout.
.....White
Days of the Discoverers...Lamprey
Don Quixote.....Cervantes
Eileen's Adventures in Wordland.
.....Macdonald
Fortune of the Indies.....Price
Grit a Plenty.....Wallace
In the Great Apache Forest..Schultz
Lad of Kent.....Harrison
Masters of the Guild.....Lamprey
Pathfinders of the West.....Laut
Pilgrim's Progress.....Bunyan
Rulers of the Surf.....Muller
Running Fox.....Gregor
Salute to Adventurers.....Bucan
Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur.....Pyle
Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled.....Stuck
The Book of the Buried Treasure.
.....Paine
The Land of the Lone Night.
.....Du Chaillu
The Mutineers.....Hawes
True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World.....Greely
Typee.....Melville
Vagabond Journey Around the World.
.....Franck



Part Two

SPIRIT OF AMERICA

SPIRIT of America. What a thrilling phrase! The spirit of the Pilgrims, of Washington, of Lincoln, of Roosevelt! The spirit of the pioneers who left comfort, peace and security behind and forced their way through a wilderness to found an empire! The spirit of enterprise and daring which builds railways and steamships and skyscrapers and makes them serve the purposes of mankind! The spirit of brotherhood and of helpfulness which invites the oppressed of the nations to our shores! The spirit of democracy and freedom! Spirit of America, *our* spirit, the spirit of American boys and girls and men and women of to-day!

This America of ours did not come by chance. Some one planned, worked for, fought for, all that we possess to-day of freedom and opportunity. Our flag is the product of a million hands and hearts; our government is stable and beneficent because our people have made it so; our homes are secure, our churches free from persecution and our schools open to rich and poor alike because that is the Spirit of America.

The first section of Part Two of our text tells something of the story of those who took "freedom's dare" and so prepared the way for us of to-day. Franklin K. Lane, tells us just who are (not *were*) makers of the flag; Thomas Jefferson speaks out to us the immortal words of the Declaration of Independence; Sir Walter Scott, though not an American nor writing about America, beautifully expresses the spirit of every true American; three poets, Lowell, Silver and Kilmer stir our patriotism with burning lines; two presidents, Roosevelt and Wilson, call the citizens of America to firm resolve and high duty.

Some of those who read these lines may inherit property from their ancestors, some may not. But every American, no matter how humble or how high his station, enters into a rich heritage as a citizen of this favored land. How great that heritage is and something of what it is worth may be gleaned from such passages as those contained in the section "Our Heritage as Citizens." Here a dozen master-writers tell you, now in poetry and now in prose, what some part of your heritage as a citizen is. As you read (and we hope enjoy!) these selections try to think deeply and truly what blessings and opportunities are yours just because you were born an American citizen. If you will do this you are quite sure to be a better and more loyal American for your reading.

A writer has said that "receiving from anyone puts us into debt to every one." This is but another way of saying that because we have received much from those who have given us our America,—freedom, comfort, opportunity,—it is our duty and privilege to make the best use we can of all this heritage and add something to it of value and worth by our efforts. This thought rules in the section on "Deeds and Service," where prose writer and poet vie with each other in placing before us the goals of effort and achievement worthy of American boys and girls.

When you have finished reading all the selections in Part Two come back to the title, "Spirit of America." Say it over to yourself, think it, feel it; then perhaps you will want to say with Webster, "Thank God, I—I also—am an American!"

WHAT MAKES A NATION

W. D. Nesbit

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons—
This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.



FREEDOM'S DARE

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

When Mr. Lane was Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Wilson, in 1914, he was called upon to make an address to five thousand officers and employees of the Department of the Interior. *Makers of the Flag* was his address.

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming.

"No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

STUDY NOTES

Personification is a figure of speech in which an inanimate object is addressed or referred to as a person. Mr. Lane makes very effective use of personification in this address. Show how he did this.

For study and discussion. 1. What would you say was the speaker's central purpose in this address? 2. Can you state any lessons you have learned from it yourself? 3. In what ways can boys and girls in school be "flag makers"? 4. What do you think a country's flag really stands for—that is to say, what does it *mean?* What gives it its significance and value? 5. What do you understand the flag to mean when it says, "I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for"? 6. In

what way do you understand the flag to be a "symbol of yourself"? 7. If to be "flag makers" we must all be good citizens, each performing his tasks as helpfully as he can, what shall he call the undesirable citizens who cheat and rob and kill and deprive others of their rights? 8. Do you think a person in high position, say a Congressman, is any more of a "flag maker" than one in a humbler walk of life who is doing the very best he can to be a helpful citizen? 9. How does the author express the thought that the very character of the nation is built into the flag?

Suggestions for written themes or oral discussions. 1. The Farmers of America as "flag makers." 2. Teachers as flag makers. Let each member of the class select a particular class of flag makers he desires to discuss.

The author. Franklin K. Lane was born in Canada in 1864 and died in 1921. He was educated in California, being graduated from the State University of that state in 1886. He became a lawyer and practised law in San Francisco. In 1913 he entered the Cabinet of President Wilson as Secretary of the Interior where he rendered high grade service.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

Sir William Jones

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No. MEN! high-minded men—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
These constitute a state.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Declaration of Independence was drafted by a committee, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman. Jefferson did the actual writing of the document. It was reported to Congress on July 2, 1776, and on the 4th of July was adopted, after some changes had been made in the original draft. John Adams, writing to his wife of the occasion, used these prophetic words: "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival."

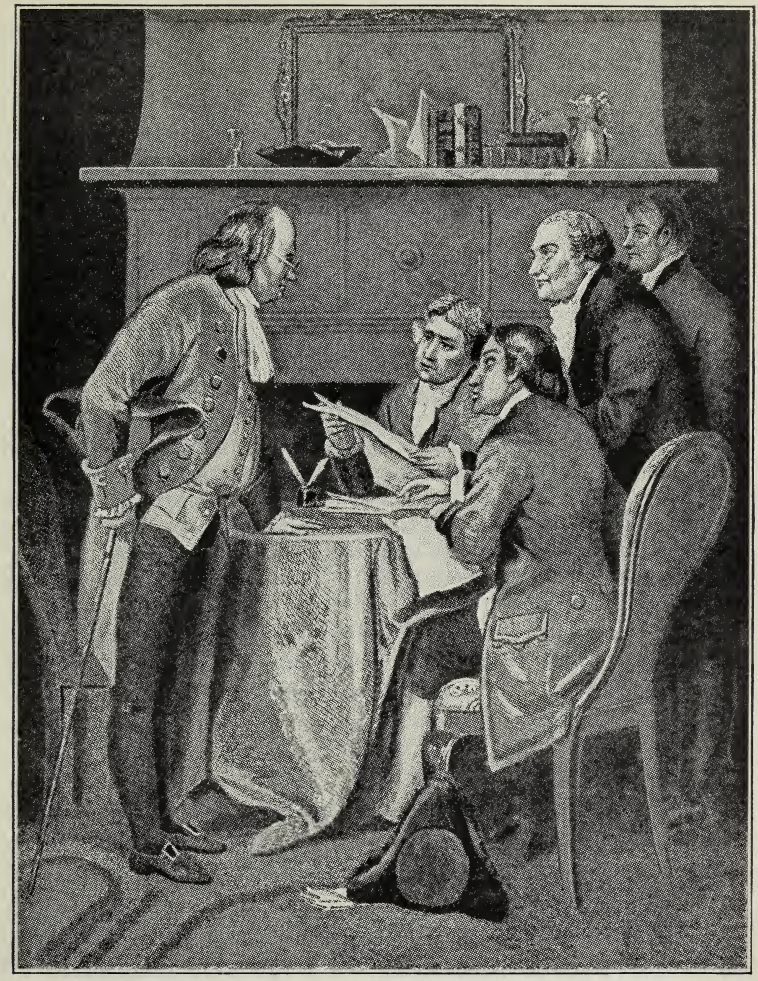
WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happi-

ness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

[Here is given a list of the wrongs suffered by the colonies at the hands of the British Government.]

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge



Signing the Declaration of Independence

to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. To what dangers did the makers and signers of the Declaration of Independence subject themselves if the Revolution had failed? 2. In reading the first paragraph remember that at the time these words were written America was not a nation, but only thirteen separate colonies. With this fact in mind is it fair to call these words the announcement of the birth of a nation? 3. In what sense do you think all men are created equal? In what sense are they created unequal? 4. What historical facts show that England's government of the American colonies was often without "the consent of the governed"? 5. Do you think the author was right when he said, "Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes"? 6. Refer to the complete copy of the Declaration of Independence for the facts the writer said should "be submitted to a candid world," and decide whether they prove his case. 7. What phrase in the last paragraph indicates the democratic nature of the new government? 8. How many times is the deity referred to in this selection and in what different terms? 9. How many signers were there of the Declaration of Independence, and what were their names? 10. In what form do you think the 4th of July should be celebrated?

A class exercise. Let a brief sketch be given of each signer of the Declaration of Independence, each member of the class being responsible for looking up one of the signers in a cyclopedia or history.

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

These fine words, taken from Sir Walter Scott's long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, are spoken by the old Scotch harper, who was very poor, though a wonderful poet and musician. The lords and ladies to whom he sang urged him to go to England, where he might easily become rich from the gifts of the rich people for whom he would sing and play. But the heroic old Scotsman loved his country, and scorned to leave it for gold. Picture him with benevolent face, his hair long and white, as he strikes a few cords on his harp and begins to sing:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. 1. The old harper was evidently very loyal to his country. Just what do you understand by loyalty? 2. If you have ever been for a long visit away from home have you felt on your return

something of the thrill suggested in the first lines of the poem? Have you heard travelers who have been abroad speak of this thrill as they get the first sight of the home-land on their return? 3. Consult your cyclopedia and be ready to tell about the minstrels of old. 4. What line refers to the selfishness of a person who does not feel love of country? 5. What is meant by the words "doubly dying"? 6. Let each of the class commit these lines to memory and several recite them in class as you imagine the minstrel spoke them.

From sea to sea my country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

MARIE ZETTERBERG.

AMERICA

ABBA HILLEL SILVER

God built a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold.
He studded it with sweet flowing fountains, and traced it with long winding streams;
He carpeted it with soft rolling plains, and columned it with thundering mountains;
He planted it with shadowed forests and filled them with song.

Then He called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them;
They came from the ends of the earth each bearing a gift and a hope;
The glow of adventure was in their eyes, and in their hearts the glory of hope.
And out of the bounty of the earth and the labor of men,
Out of the longing of hearts and the prayers of souls,
Out of the memory of ages and the hopes of the world;
God fashioned a nation, in love, blessed it with purpose sublime and called it, AMERICA.

STUDY NOTES

Each of the two stanzas of this little poem contains four statements. Study each of these statements and be prepared to discuss it in class, to show its meaning and explain the truth contained in it.

THE FUTURE OF A NATION

(From Washington's Farewell Address)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

This selection takes you back to the early days of our nation. The War of Independence was over. The new government had been set up and, in 1789, Washington became its first president. He was reelected for a second term, and when his term expired in 1797 he was urged to accept the nomination for the third time. This he declined to do, preferring to retire to his estate in Virginia. In quitting the office of president, he wrote a farewell address to the American people in which he set forth much good counsel.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice it is to be made. . . .

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home and your peace abroad, of your safety, or your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

But it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.

In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and

opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. And remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property. . . .

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to

public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . .

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. . . .

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. . . .

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. Has any president of the United States served three terms? 2. Remember that, before the War of Independence there were thirteen colonies, but no "union"; then explain the phrase, "unity of government" in the second paragraph. 3. What

evidence do you find that Washington feared efforts would be made to break up the union? 4. Pick out and write down from five to ten of what you think are the best bits of advice or suggestions given. 5. Compare the extent and size of the United States of the present with that of Washington's day. 6. Compare in similar way the means for travel and transportation; for the transmission of news. 7. What was Washington's thought about the necessity of education in a democracy?

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: apprise; covertly; insidiously; palladium; alienate; efficacious; acquiescence; hypothesis; usurpation; subvert; impostures.

Theme topics. 1. Difficulties confronting Washington as president. 2. What Washington did for his country.

Library or home reading. *In the Days of Poor Richard,* Irving Bacheller.

The author. Refer to your histories and the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a talk on the life of Washington.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

Woodrow Wilson

These words were addressed to the soldiers of the National Army as they were starting for France to take part in the World War. Do you think it is as necessary to be as good men and good citizens in times of peace as in times of war?

To the Soldiers of the National Army:

You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

THE FLAG ON THE FIRING LINE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This stirring appeal is from a speech delivered in Chicago on April 28, 1917, twenty-six days after President Wilson's war message that took the United States into the European War.

I COME here tonight to appeal to the people of the great west, the people of the Mississippi valley, the people who are the spiritual heirs of the men who stood behind Lincoln and Grant.

You men and women who live beside the Great Lakes and on the lands drained by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri have always represented what is most intensely American in our national life. When once waked up to actual conditions you have always stood with unfaltering courage and iron endurance for the national honor and the national interest.

I appeal to the sons and daughters of the men and women of the Civil War, to the grandsons and granddaughters of the pioneers; I appeal to the women as much as to the men, for our nation has risen level to every great crisis only because in every such crisis the courage of its women flamed as high as the courage of the men.

I appeal to you to take the lead in making good the President's message of the 2nd of this month, in which he set forth the reasons why it was our unescapable duty to make war upon Germany. It rests with us—with the American people—to make that message one of the great state documents of our history.

Let us accept the lessons it teaches. Let us grasp what it says as to the frightful wrongs Germany has committed

upon us and upon the weaker nations of mankind, and the damage she has wrought to the whole fabric of civilization and of international good faith and morality. Then let us steel our hearts and gird our loins to show that we are fit to stand among the free people whose freedom is buttressed by their self-reliant strength. Let us show by our deeds that we are fit to be the heirs of the men who founded the republic, and of the men who saved the republic; of the continentals who followed Washington, and of the men who wore the blue under Grant and the gray under Lee.

But, mind you, the message, the speech, will amount to nothing unless we make it good; and it can be made good only by the high valor of our fighting men, and by the resourceful and laborious energy of the men and women who, with deeds, not merely words, back up the fighting men.

We read the Declaration of Independence every Fourth of July because, and only because, the soldiers of Washington made that message good by their blood during the weary years of war that followed. If, after writing the Declaration of Independence, the men of '76 had failed with their bodies to make it good, it would be read now only with contempt and derision.

Our children still learn how Patrick Henry spoke for the heart of the American people when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death," but this generation is thrilled by his words only because the Americans of those days showed in very fact that they were ready to accept death rather than lose their liberty.

In Lincoln's deathless Gettysburg speech and second inaugural he solemnly pledged the honor of the American people to the hard and perilous task of preserving the union and freeing the slaves.

The pledge was kept. The American people fought to a

finish the war which saved the union and freed the slave. If Lincoln and the men and women behind him had wavered, if they had grown faint-hearted and had shrunk from the fight, or had merely paid others to fight for them, they would have earned for themselves and for us the scorn of the nations of mankind.

The words of Lincoln will live forever only because they were made good by the deeds of the fighting men.

So it is now. We can make the President's message of April 2nd stand among the great state papers in our history; but we can do so only if we make the message good; and we can make it good only if we fight with all our strength now, at once; if at the earliest possible moment we put the flag on the firing line and keep it there, over a constantly growing army, until the war closes by a peace which brings victory to the great cause of democracy and civilization, the great cause of justice and fair play among the peoples of the world.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Do you think we can read these words in times of peace with just the same feeling that they aroused when the nation was at war? 2. What did Roosevelt mean when he said (paragraph 4), "It rests with us to make that message one of the great state documents of our history"? 3. How can citizens in time of peace prove their patriotism by their deeds? 4. Do you think there is some danger of making patriotism a matter of words only? 5. Did the American people make good in their deeds—both the army and those at home—as Roosevelt urged them to do?

Phrases for study. "spiritual heirs"; "iron endurance"; "fabric of civilization"; "gird our loins"; "buttressed by self-reliant strength."

Library or home reading: The following from the writings of Theodore Roosevelt should be read by young American citizens: *Winning of the West*; *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*; *Hero Tales from American History*.

ROUGE BOUQUET

JOYCE KILMER

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick,
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
 Dead in their youthful prime;
Never to laugh nor love again
 Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
 Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free,
 And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
 Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
 The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor;
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
 Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
 On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair,
As he sees them stand saluting there,
 His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
 The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
 From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle-notes
 That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are;
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Describe the dugout which made the grave of the soldiers? 2. What do you understand was the cause of their death? 3. What were the "three volleys" fired over the grave? 4. Consult the cyclopedia and explain the reference to St. Michael. 5. Who were the Gaels? 6. Do you notice any particularly striking rhyming effects at the same points in the two stanzas.

Class reading. Readings selected from the poems of Joyce Kilmer.

The author. Joyce Kilmer was born in New Jersey in 1886 and died fighting in France in 1918. He was literary critic for *The New York Times* and *The Literary Digest*, and had written many poems and essays. He was among the first to enlist when the United States entered the war. He died trying to locate a hidden battery of the enemy, and was buried where he fell.

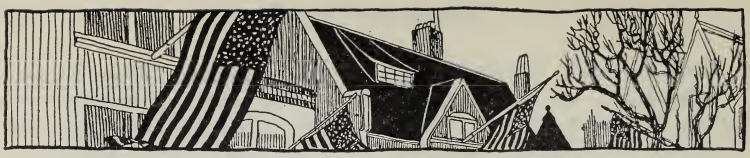
Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

GEORGE L. TAYLOR.

For we are all, like swimmers in a sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea—
Back out to sea, to the deep wave of death—
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



OUR HERITAGE AS CITIZENS

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

This beautiful hymn was sung April 19, 1836, at the celebration which marked the completion of the monument erected to commemorate the opening battle of the War of Independence.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. Refer to your histories and refresh your memory of the battle here commemorated. 1. Explain "the rude bridge that arched the flood." 2. Explain "embattled farmers." 3. In what sense was the shot "heard round the world"? 4. How many years had passed between the time of the battle and the occasion when this hymn was sung? Which stanza refers to this lapse of time? 5. Explain "votive stone." 6. What is the "spirit" referred to in the last stanza?

The author. Refer to the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a sketch of the life of Emerson.

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on the glittering strand
Of God's occasions floating by.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WASHINGTON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one,
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—WASHINGTON.

STUDY NOTES

After carefully reading this tribute, write a characterization of Washington such as is here given in the poem.

For class reading. Find other tributes to Washington and read them in class.

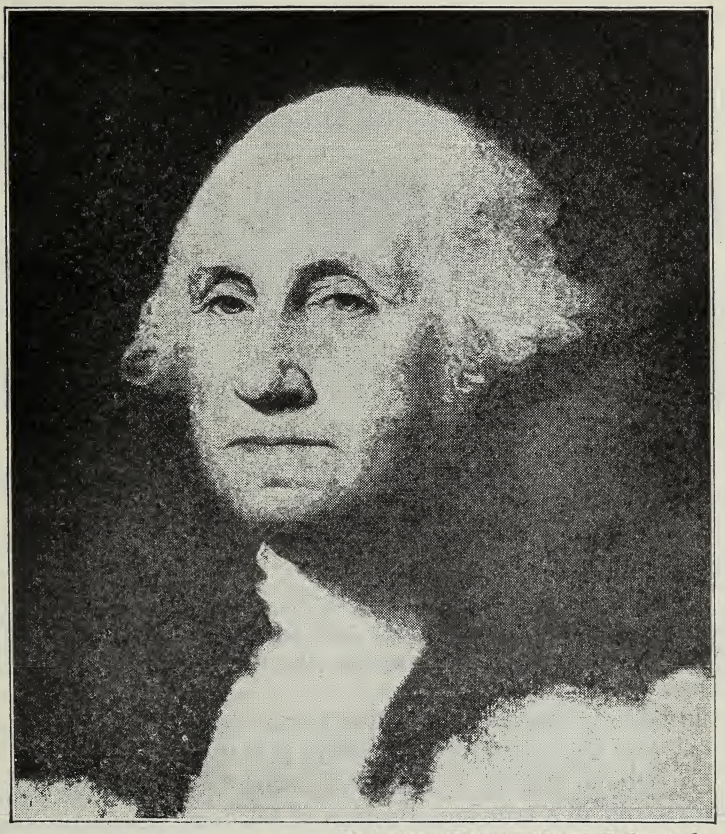


Photo from Underwood and Underwood.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

TRUE AMERICANISM

HENRY VAN DYKE

Every really worth-while American girl or boy is proud of being an American, a *true* American. But what is true Americanism? Few have described it better than Henry van Dyke in an address given in 1906 on Washington's Birthday.

FOR what is true Americanism? and where does it reside? Not in the tongue, not in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or crude, which mottle the surface of human life. Its dwelling is in the heart. It speaks a score of dialects, but one language; follows a hundred paths to the same goal, performs a thousand kinds of service in loyalty to the same ideal which is its life.

True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair-play for all.

To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges and opportunities.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and corporations must be subordinated to the welfare of the Commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free State should offer an asylum to the oppressed and an example of virtue, sobriety, and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and the perpetuity of such a State a man should be willing to give his whole service in property, in labor, and in life.

That is Americanism; an ideal embodying itself in a people; a creed heated white-hot in the furnace of conviction and hammered into shape on the anvil of life; a vision commanding men to follow it whithersoever it may lead them. And it was the subordination of the personal self to that ideal, that creed, that vision, which gave eminence and glory to Washington and the men who stood with him.

STUDY NOTES

To think about and discuss. 1. Do you like the author's plan of first telling what true Americanism is *not?* 2. Can you add a number of things which true Americanism is not? 3. What does the author mean when he says true Americanism speaks "a score of dialects but one language," and "follows a hundred paths to the same goal"? 4. Does the author mean that true Americanism is defined by believing some one thing such as he indicates, or by believing *all* of the different things which he has put into his list? 5. Ought this list to be added to? If so, what would you add? 6. In your definition of true Americanism would you like to have something said about what one does as well as what one believes? 7. Can you explain each of the statements in the first sentence of the last paragraph? 8. Suppose that the ideals set forth by the author should actually be put into practise, what changes would it make in our country?

For themes or discussion. 1. My ideal of an American. 2. My notion of an undesirable citizen. 3. The American I most admire.

The author. Study the life of Henry van Dyke in the cyclopedia and come to the class prepared to give a sketch.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson was President throughout the period of the great World War. During that time he wrote many memorable state papers and delivered many addresses dealing with patriotic subjects. The selection which follows is an extract from an address at Milwaukee in 1916.

WHO shall say what the spirit of America is? I have many times heard orators apostrophize this beautiful flag, which is the emblem of the nation. I have many times heard orators and philosophers speak of the spirit which was resident in America.

I have always, for my own part, felt that it was an act of audacity to attempt anything of that kind. And when I have been outside of the country in foreign lands and have been asked if this, that, or the other was true of America, I have habitually said, "Nothing stated in general terms is true of America, because it is the most variegated and varied and multiform land under the sun." Yet I know, my fellow citizens, that if you turn away from the physical aspects of the country, if you turn away from the variety of the strains of blood that make up our great population, if you turn away from the great variation of occupation and of interest among our fellow citizens, there is a spiritual unity in America. I know that there are some things which stir every heart in America, no matter what the racial derivation or the local environment, and one of the things that stirs every American is the love of individual liberty.

We do not stand for occupation. We do not stand for material interests. We do not stand for any narrow con-

ception, even of political institutions; but we do stand for this, that we are bonded together in America to see to it that no man shall serve any master who is not of his own choosing. And we have been very liberal and generous about this idea.

We have seen great peoples, for the most part not of the same blood as ourselves—to the south of us—build up policies in which the same idea pulsed and was regnant, this idea of free institutions and individual liberty, and when we have seen hands reached across the water from older political polities to interfere with the development of free institutions on the Western Hemisphere, we have said: "No, we are the champions of the freedom of popular sovereignty wherever it displays or exercises itself, throughout both Americas." We are the champions of a particular sort of freedom, the sort of freedom which is the only foundation and guarantee of peace.

Peace lies in the hearts of great industrial and agricultural populations and we have arranged a Government on this side of the water by which their preferences and their predilections and their interests are the mainsprings of government itself. And so, when we prepare for national defense, we prepare for national political integrity; we prepare to take care of the great ideals which gave birth to this government; we are going back in spirit and in energy to those great first generations in America when men banded themselves together, though they were but a handful upon a single coast of the Atlantic, to set up in the world the standards which have ever since floated everywhere, that Americans asserted the power of their Government.

As I came along the line of the railway to-day I was touched to observe that everywhere, upon every railway station, upon every house where a flag could be procured,

some temporary standard had been raised from which there floated the Stars and Stripes. They seemed to have divined the errand upon which I had come, to remind you that we must subordinate every individual interest and every local interest to assert once more, if it should be necessary to assert them, the great principles for which that flag stands.

Do not deceive yourselves as to where the colors of that flag came from. Those lines of red are lines of blood nobly and unselfishly shed by men who loved the liberty of their fellowmen more than they loved their own lives and fortunes. God forbid that we should have to use the blood of America to freshen the color of that flag. But if it should ever be necessary again to assert the majesty and integrity of those ancient and honorable principles, that flag will be colored once more, and in being colored will be glorified and purified.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. At what date did America enter the World War? 2. What does it mean to "apostrophize" the flag? 3. Explain the phrase "the spirit which was resident in America." 4. Why do you think the President felt that it was an act of "audacity to apostrophize the flag or speak of the spirit of America"? 5. Explain in what sense it is true that America is "the most variegated and varied and multiform land under the sun." 6. Make a list of as many different nationalities as you can think of who are among the citizens of the United States. 7. What do you think the President meant by the "spiritual unity" of America? 8. To what countries "to the south of us" do you think the President refers in the fourth paragraph? 9. What sentence in the fourth paragraph refers to the Monroe Doctrine? 10. Read the fifth paragraph and then explain what you understand by a democratic form of government. 11. As citizens turn out in large numbers to hear and see the President of the United States, do you think they desire chiefly to honor the man or the office which he occupies? 12. Find as many instances as you can from different speakers and writers in which they explain the meanings of the different colors on the flag, and then compare

these meanings. 13. Can you state in a few words the lesson which you think the President meant to impress on his hearers.

For written theme or oral discussion. Why I would rather be a citizen of the United States than of any other country.

Word study. Look up these words in the Glossary and especially note their use in the text: apostrophize; audacity; multiform; derivation; regnant; predilections; divined.

And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my own soul, each wond'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
Any yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Edward Everett Hale

Aaron Burr, who played an important part in the early history of this country, having at one time been United States Senator and later Vice-President under Thomas Jefferson, figures prominently in this story. It would therefore be well before reading the story to turn to your histories and read the sketch of Burr's life, especially of the conspiracy he is said to have formed to create a new nation consisting of the Louisiana Territory and Mexico with himself as emperor. Burr was tried for treason in 1807, but was acquitted, though there seems to have been little doubt that he did enter into some sort of a conspiracy against the United States.

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner among the "Deaths," the announcement—

> "Nolan. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus:—"Died May 11th, The Man without a Country." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had

generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it or whether it was a "*Non mi recordo*" determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise. But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when

the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heavens knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy—

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer of a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected

in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he once told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him.

I do not excuse Nolan: I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The Marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the

etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial 'expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.'

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,
"W. SOUTHARD,
For the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special

jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain Buttons," because while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys call them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I

say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know.

Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the

same man again. He never read loud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody, they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men, letters and papers and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and

the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers, who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls, and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not

announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell.—As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Fellows, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said, boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home! ! Mr. Nolan! ! ! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been an officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading his gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—

and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; and the Commodore said—

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir; and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiva Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the

old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of

bone and wood which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in

the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake ,was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a

central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:—

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understand that as well as they understand the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said: "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language.

Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country.

And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out, that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my read-

ing. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented.

I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me, that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American Station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he

was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province in which his brother had travelled so far, and I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Waters was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same

gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. AT 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. O dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

" 'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"O the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his

beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs—of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down

the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving.

Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee, with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN,
Lieutenant
in the Army of the
United States

" 'He loved his country as no other man has loved her, but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

STUDY NOTES

The story. A distinguished educator says that one of the best ways to define a thing is by its absence; that is, by the difference it would make if the thing to be defined did not exist. The author has used this principle in his remarkable story in order to show Americans what it would mean to be without a country.

To think about and discuss. 1. Why do you think the author starts his story with the advertisement of Nolan's death? 2. How in the introduction does the author give an air of historical accuracy to his tale? 3. Do you think the sentence imposed by the court upon Nolan was a fair one? 4. Would you say that one who lacks patriotism and loyalty to his country was in fact a "man without a country"? 5. Why do you think the author in his story took pains to indicate that everybody on shipboard was very kind to Nolan. 6. Why do you think that Nolan did not at first realize the full meaning of his punishment? 7. How did Nolan's emotion when he attempted to read Scott's poem indicate that he was ready then to be a loyal citizen if he had had a chance? 8. What other evidences are there in the story that Nolan had repented of his rash remarks? 9. Do you think there is some danger of our taking our country for granted and not thinking enough about what it means to us?

For written themes or oral discussions. 1. Which would be the greater punishment, a sentence of death or a sentence such as Nolan received? 2. When a person immigrates from a foreign land to the United States, to which country should he then give his loyalty? 3. What the United States does for its citizens.

Silent reading test. 1. Test yourself by making a complete outline of the story as a basis for retelling it. 2. Test yourself upon such points as these: a. How Nolan became a man without a country. b. Recall the story of his part in the naval battle. c. Give the substance of Danforth's letter. d. How Nolan came finally to know the grandeur

of the land he had cast away. e. How he had tried to construct for himself the growth of his lost country.

The author. Edward Everett Hale, one of the most distinguished of Americans, was born in 1822, and died in 1909. He was the grand-nephew of the famous Nathan Hale of Revolutionary times. He was a nephew of Edward Everett, the famous orator. For many years he was pastor of the South Congregational Church of Boston, and during the later years of his life he was chaplain of the United States Senate.

AMERICA

SIDNEY LANIER

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are good and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you!

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Abraham Lincoln

On November 19, 1863, the national cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated. On that occasion addresses were given by two orators, Edward Everett, a brilliant scholar and orator, and Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. Of these speakers and their addresses Judge Tenney said: "One was gifted in oratory, learned in the schools and from books. The other was skilled in the witchery of speech that is gathered from the river, the forest, the plain. Both spoke. One was a brain effort, the other was a heart effort. One spoke words that were heard, the other words that were felt. One was art, the other was genius. One was Edward Everett, the gifted scholar of New England; the other was Abraham Lincoln, the gifted rail-splitter of the West."

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus

far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, —that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Can you tell why this address has been read and loved by millions of people, why it is committed to memory by school pupils, and why we find it on bronze tablets in so many public buildings throughout the United States? 2. Find in your histories or in a Life of Lincoln the story of this occasion and be ready to tell the story and discuss the difference in the two addresses in class. 3. If you do not already know these words by heart, commit them to memory.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

All my life I have plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow.

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

During the Civil War the author of this poem spent much time in visiting the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals in the city of Washington. He came to know Lincoln and admired and loved him. This widely known poem expresses the grief of the nation at the assassination of Lincoln, which occurred just at the close of the Civil War.

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain, my captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle thrills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here, captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead!

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still:
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done:
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. Most of Whitman's poetry is lacking in rhyme, and irregular in metre or rhythm. Does that hold of the present poem, or is this an exception? Whitman made use of the familiar figure which speaks of the nation as the Ship of State. Lincoln, the martyred President, is the captain of the ship.

For study and discussion. 1. With the fact in mind that the Civil War had just ended, explain the meaning of the first two lines. 2. Refer to your histories and decide whether Whitman was right about the people exulting at this particular time. 3. By what other term beside "Captain" does the author address Lincoln? Do you think this was because Lincoln was called "Father Abraham" or simply because he was President? 4. In what stanzas of the poem does the author express his own grief?

The author. Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was successively schoolteacher, editor and poet. His most important writings are found in the volume called *Leaves of Grass*. Very little of his poetry is suited to younger readers, but much of it you will enjoy as you grow older.

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE

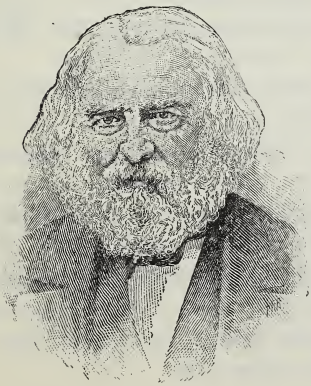
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead,
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.



STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. Do you think we make too much of the glory of war and not enough of the victories of peace? 2. What are some of the victories of peace? Would you say that the Panama Canal is a victory of peace? A great reclamation project? The war against yellow fever? 3. Does war ever settle what is *right?* 4. Why do we have wars? 5. Can you suggest some of the things we might do to prevent future wars?

THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM

THE BIBLE

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou shalt trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

AN OLD ATHENIAN OATH

The following oath was taken by the citizens of ancient Athens. As you read it, consider whether it contains the spirit which should possess every American, young and old. Study this oath, part by part, until you fully understand its meaning. Then perhaps you will want to commit it to memory. Perhaps you will want to make it your guide to conduct.

WE WILL never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's law, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.



DEEDS AND SERVICE

OPPORTUNITY

John James Ingalls

The two short poems which follow, both entitled *Opportunity*, present very different views. Does opportunity, one's "chance," come but *once*, or is opportunity always present if we but look for it? In order to decide this question you will need to read each poem more than once, line by line, and compare their statements. Perhaps you will in addition need to read the lives of successful men and women, and also to observe and think for yourself.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away! It is the hour of fate;
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more.

OPPORTUNITY

WALTER MALONE

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be deaf and blind and dumb.
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands
and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I *can!*"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

STUDY NOTES

For discussion. 1. In what sense is opportunity a "master of human destiny"? 2. Do you know of any instances where some person lost

his chance for success by failing to grasp opportunity when it offered? 3. Is the opportunity to secure an education often cast aside until too late? Or should we say it is never too late to get an education? 4. Suppose a person realizes that he has let some good opportunity go by, what does Malone think he should do about it? What do *you* think he should do about it? 5. Have you ever let a good opportunity go by? Are you facing any good opportunities just now?

The authors. John James Ingalls (1833-1900) was an American statesman, a member of the United States Senate from Kansas.

Walter Malone, an American judge and author, was born in 1866 and died in 1915. He wrote many excellent poems.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

Charles M. Schwab

Nearly every American girl or boy is ambitious and plans to carve out a successful career in some chosen line of work. Charles M. Schwab, head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the world, started as a day laborer in the business of which he became manager. His plain words given here are taken from his book, *Succeeding with What You Have.*

FOR thirty-six years I have been moving among working men in what is now the biggest branch of American industry, the steel business. In that time it has been my good fortune to watch most of the present leaders rise from the ranks. These men, I am convinced, are not natural prodigies. *They won out by using normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty.*

American industry is spilling over with men who started life even with the leaders, with brains just as big, with hands quite as capable. And yet one man emerges from the mass, rises sheer above his fellows; and the rest remain.

The men who miss success have two general alibis: "I'm not a genius" is one; the other, "There aren't the opportunities to-day there used to be."

Neither excuse holds. The first is beside the point; the second is altogether wrong.

The thing that most people call "genius" I do not believe in. That is, I am sure that few successful men are so-called "natural geniuses."

There is not a man in power at our Bethlehem Steel Works to-day who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up, round by round, simply by using his head and

his hands a little more freely and a little more effectively than the men beside him. The fifteen men in direct charge of the plants were selected, not because of some startling stroke of genius, but because, day in and day out, they were doing little unusual things—thinking beyond their jobs.

Most talk about "super-geniuses" is nonsense. I have found that when "stars" drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by application and self-discipline to get full production from an average, normal brain.

The inventor, the man with a unique, specialized talent, is the only real super-genius. But he is so rare that he needs no consideration here.

I have always felt that the surest way to qualify for the job just ahead is to work a little harder than anyone else on the job one is holding down.

I have yet to hear of an instance where misfortune hit a man because he worked overtime. I know lots of instances where it hit men who did not. Misfortune has many cloaks. Much more serious than physical injury is the slow, relentless blight that brings standstill, lack of advancement, final failure.

Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized brains, and faithful, loyal service. Brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish the capital.

The man who attracts attention is the man who is thinking all the time, and expressing himself in little ways. It is not the man who tries to dazzle his employer by doing the theatrical, the spectacular.

If a young man entering industry were to ask me for advice, I would say: "Don't be afraid of imperiling your health by giving a few extra hours to the company that

pays your salary! Don't be reluctant about putting on overalls! Bare hands grip success better than kid gloves."

Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men to fill them. Whenever the question comes up of buying new works we never consider whether we can make the works pay. That is a foregone conclusion if we can get the right man to manage them.

All successful employers of labor are stalking men who do the unusual, men who think, men who attract attention by performing more than is expected of them. These men have no difficulty in making their worth felt. They stand out above their fellows until their superiors cannot fail to see them.

STUDY NOTES

To think about and discuss. 1. What two excuses common to men who do not succeed does the writer condemn? 2. Sum up in your own words Mr. Schwab's rule for success. 3. Does true success ever come by chance; that is, without effort on the part of the person concerned? 4. If captains of industry are hunting brains, what ought this to suggest to young people about developing the brain power they have? 5. Is success in school to be governed by the same rules as success in business or industry?

For theme work. 1. My idea of a successful man. 2. My idea of a successful woman.

DEMOCRACY AND OPPORTUNITY

HENRY VAN DYKE

We Americans pride ourselves on our democracy. Perhaps not all of us could explain clearly just what we mean by democracy. Henry van Dyke helps us to understand American democracy in these paragraphs which are taken from his book, *Essays in Application.*

FOREIGN critics say that the United States is not a truly democratic country, because the people are not all on a level, all alike. But when did democracy offer to guarantee the similarity of people or grade mankind down to a dead flat? When all the trees in the forest have the same number of leaves, when all the rivers that flow into the sea contain the same number of fish, when all the fields in the farm bear the same crop, then will all men be alike in their power and skill, and consequently on a level in degree and station. Democracy is no miracle worker, no infidel to natural law. Democracy declares that men, unequal in their endowments, shall be equal in their right to develop those endowments.

Classes must exist in every social order—ruling classes, teaching classes, agricultural classes, manufacturing classes, commercial classes. All these are in the laboring class, but their labor is divided. The moment you begin to divide labor you begin to differentiate men. The moment you have men developed, by different kinds of work, on different sides of their nature, you have classes.

What democracy says is that there shall be no locked doors between these classes. Every stairway shall be open. Every opportunity shall be free. Every talent shall have

an equal chance to earn another talent. I think we may claim that this is the case in the United States, at least to a larger extent than ever before in the history of the world. Not all the farmers' boys in the country may become Presidents of the nation. That would be physically impossible. But any of them may do so, and several of them have done so. Some of them, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, attained such eminence and power that the Presidency could hardly have added to their fame.

These cases are not accidents. They are logical evidences of an equality among men in the only sense in which equality is possible—equality of opportunity. This equality is no nebulous dream of a state in which degree is abolished and every man is as mediocre as everybody else. It is a real escape from the tyranny of artificial and hereditary distinctions; real approximation of position and fitness, honor and ability. It is safeguarded, and its effects are diffused in some measure through the whole fabric of social life, not by any mere legal enactment; but by something vastly stronger and more efficient—the state of mind which is created in the people by committing to them the choice of their own ruling classes. Herein is fulfilled the divine prophecy of democracy: "And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governors shall proceed from the midst of them."

STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. In some countries, as India, a caste system prevails which makes it impossible for a person to rise out of the class in which he was born. Could democracy exist under such a system? 2. Why is it impossible to have equality in the sense of being all alike? Would we want that kind of equality? 3. "Democracy is equality of opportunity." Do you think this is a good definition? 4. One writer says that the more you give people equality of opportunity the less they will be alike. Do you think this is true? 5. Put into your own words what you think the author desired to teach in his statement.

THE MAN WHO OVERCAME

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Theodore Roosevelt is rightly the hero and ideal of many an American boy and girl. This passage is a fine tribute to Roosevelt's fighting qualities which made him the "Man who overcame."

You have read and heard a good deal about Theodore Roosevelt. This book contains several selections about him. You may have ten minutes in which to prepare for a two-minute talk to the class about him. When you are through, your classmates will tell you whether there seemed to be a *plan* in your talk or whether it was a rambling something followed by something else without any reasonable order.

ROOSEVELT was frail. He became a tower of strength. Roosevelt was timid. His name became the synonym for courage. Roosevelt was a dreamer, dreaming of ancient heroes. He became one of the great doers of all time and when he died joined the company of those magnificent spirits he once had worshiped from afar.

Two lines which he ran across one day as a boy in Browning's "The Flight of the Duchess," exercised a decisive influence on his life. These were the lines, recounting the ambition of a poor sprig of an honorable family:

> "All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
> This Duke would fain know he was, without being it."

The young Duke, it seemed, wanted to appear to be like his famous ancestors without taking the trouble necessary to make himself their equal.

Roosevelt, thirteen years old, felt that those lines were aimed straight at him. He resolved then and there actually to *be* that which he wanted with all his heart to *appear*.

He was made of the stuff of heroes. From his birth he was encompassed "by the terror that walketh by night." For years he was racked by the agonies of asthma, and night after night in summer his father would drive him in the buggy through the countryside so he might breathe. For weeks on end he lay in bed. But he was indomitable even then, reading and writing and gathering his sisters and his brother and their friends about him and, between fits of coughing, telling them wonderful stories of adventures that never came to an end.

He determined to conquer the weakness of his body and after twenty years of struggle he did conquer it. On the plains of Dakota he finally put the asthma under his bed, so that it never showed itself again. The rough life brought its own perils. He was bucked off a horse during a round-up and finished the round-up with the point of a shoulder-blade broken; at another time he rode after the cattle from dawn until dark with a fractured rib.

It was so when he was twenty-five; it was so when he was fifty; it was so all the days of his life. In the spring of 1910 he was hunting hippopotamus at Lake Naiyasha in central Africa when he was laid low by an attack of the Cuban fever to which he had been subject at intervals ever since the Santiago campaign. And these were the entries in his journal during the days he was prostrate:

July 16. Fever; wrote.
July 17. Fever; wrote.
July 18. Feeling better.
July 20. Five hippos.

Three years later he was in the jungles of Brazil. He and his men were in grave peril. They faced the alterna-

tive of death by drowning in one of the countless rapids which impeded their journey, if they hurried; and death by starvation if they did not. Roosevelt was taken ill with malignant fever and for two days lay at death's door. He pleaded with his men to proceed without him, to leave him to die, rather than to sacrifice the whole expedition. His loyal companions refused. By the force of his will he pulled himself up from his sick-bed and went on with his journey, succumbing to the fever at last only when they had reached civilization and all danger to the expedition was over.

History will speak of Theodore Roosevelt as a great statesman and as one of the world's greatest leaders. But men and women who are encompassed with difficulties will remember him with tenderness and gratitude. Men with weak eyes will remember that Theodore Roosevelt had weak eyes all his life and became a successful hunter, an omnivorous reader, and a keen naturalist. Men with defective hearing will remember that Theodore Roosevelt lost the use of one of his ears and could still distinguish the calls of birds and lead a people magnificently. Men stricken with pain will remember that once Theodore Roosevelt worked at his correspondence until he fainted and the couch on which he lay was drenched with blood. Cripples will hear the word that Theodore Roosevelt spoke when a physician told him in the last month of his life that he might be confined to his chair the rest of his days: "All right! I can live that way too!"

The millions will remember the inspiring leader; but a few with terrors to face will always cherish most the man who overcame.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Refer to a *Life of Roosevelt* and tell the story of his boyhood struggle for health. 2. Tell how the two lines

of poetry made Roosevelt think. 3. Do you know some person who has made a brave fight for health as Roosevelt did? 4. Have you ever known any one who, instead of fighting misfortune, turned to whining? 5. Explain the last three lines.

Topics for themes. 1. What I most admire about Theodore Roosevelt. 2. The bravest fight for health I have ever known.

MY SYMPHONY

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

To live content with small means.

To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.

To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly.

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never.

In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.

UNCONQUERED

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

If you ever feel discouraged or like whining over bad luck, try reading this poem. It has a challenge to sturdy courage, and is a brave soul's declaration of independence against fate.

Out of the pit that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Explain the difference in the use of the word "pit" in the first and the second line. 2. Explain "fell clutch of circumstance." 3. Explain "bludgeonings of chance." 4. How many examples can you cite of persons who, though severely handicapped by blindness, the loss of the arms, or some other injury, have achieved success? 5. Express in your own words the central thought of the poem.

Written theme. The bravest struggle against odds I have ever known.

VITAÏ LAMPADA

HENRY NEWBOLT

The words of this title mean *lamps of life*, or beacons set for us to follow. As you read the poem see whether you can discover why the author used this title for it.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke—
The gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

STUDY NOTES

The poem. This poem consists of two pictures and a challenge: The first stanza, the picture of a cricket match; the second stanza, the picture of a battle; the third stanza, a challenge to every boy and girl to "play the game." 1. Read in the cyclopedia the description of an English cricket game, then try to picture it. 2. Picture a desperate battle. 3. Express in your own words the lesson intended.

Words and phrases. 1. "Close," the enclosed field where the match was played. 2. The boy who has played football will have no trouble to understand the "blinding light" that comes from a "bumping pitch." 3. A "ribboned coat." Compare the "letters" worn by our school and college athletes. 4. A "square that broke;" soldiers when surrounded often fight in the form of a square.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE WORLD I LIVE IN

HELEN KELLER

It has been said that "we never miss the water till the well runs dry." As an experiment suppose you have some one blindfold your eyes tightly and then try for ten minutes to go about the house or do your usual work or eat a meal. Have both ears tightly stopped with cotton and then go among people and notice how helpless you are when you can not understand them. Try having your ears stopped and your eyes blinded both at the same time, and then go about your ordinary activities. Now try to imagine how it would be if from earliest infancy you were to lack both sight and hearing. How would you come to know the world round about you? How would you know and come to understand people? How would you learn to speak? Try to imagine the world which the person blind and deaf from birth or early childhood lives in. Then read this story by Helen Keller, who lost her sight when she was nineteen months old, and thus became deaf, dumb and blind.

NECESSITY gives to the eye a precious power of seeing, and in the same way it gives a precious power of feeling to the whole body. Sometimes it seems as if the very substance of my flesh were so many eyes looking out at will upon a world new created every day. The silence and darkness which are said to shut me in, open my door most hospitably to countless sensations that distract, inform, admonish, and amuse. With my three trusty guides, touch, smell, and taste, I make many excursions into the borderland of experience which is in sight of the city of Light. Nature accommodates itself to every man's necessity. If the eye is maimed, so that it does not see the beauteous face of day, the touch becomes more poignant and discriminating. Nature proceeds through practice to strengthen and augment the remaining senses. For this

reason the blind often hear with greater ease and distinctness than other people. The sense of smell becomes almost a new faculty to penetrate the tangle and vagueness of things. Thus, according to an immutable law, the senses assist and reinforce one another.

It is not for me to say whether we see best with the hand or the eye. I only know that the world I see with my fingers is alive, ruddy, and satisfying. Touch brings the blind many sweet certainties which our more fortunate fellows miss, because their sense of touch is uncultivated. When they look at things, they put their hands in their pockets. No doubt that is one reason why their knowledge is often so vague, inaccurate, and useless. It is probable, too, that our knowledge of phenomena beyond the reach of the hand is equally imperfect. But, at all events, we behold them through a golden mist of fantasy.

There is nothing, however, misty or uncertain about what we can touch. Through the sense of touch I know the faces of friends, the illimitable variety of straight and curved lines, all surfaces, the exuberance of the soil, the delicate shapes of flowers, the noble forms of trees, and the range of mighty winds. Besides objects, surfaces, and atmospherical changes, I perceive countless vibrations. I derive much knowledge of every day matter from the jars and jolts which are to be felt everywhere in the house.

Footsteps, I discover, vary according to the age, the sex and the manners of the walker. It is impossible to mistake a child's patter for the tread of a grown person. The step of the young man, strong and free, differs from the heavy, sedate tread of the middle-aged, and from the step of the old man, whose feet drag along the floor, or beat it with slow faltering accents. On a bare floor a girl walks with a rapid, elastic rhythm which is quite distinct from the graver step of the elderly woman. I have laughed over the

creak of new shoes and the clatter of a stout maid performing a jig in the kitchen. One day, in the dining-room of a hotel I sat still and listened with my feet. I found that two waiters were walking back and forth, but not with the same gait. A band was playing, and I could feel the music-waves along the floor. One of the waiters walked in time to the band, graceful and light, while the other disregarded the music and rushed from table to table to the beat of some discord in his own mind. Their steps reminded me of a spirited war-steed harnessed with a cart-horse.

Often footsteps reveal in some measure the character and the mood of the walker. I feel in them firmness and indecision, hurry and deliberation, activity and laziness, fatigue, carelessness, timidity, anger, and sorrow. I am most conscious of these moods and traits in persons with whom I am familiar.

Footsteps are frequently interrupted by certain jars and jerks, so that I know when one kneels, kicks, shakes something, sits down, or gets up. Thus I follow to some extent the actions of people about me and the changes of their postures. Just now a thick, soft patter of bare, padded feet and a slight jolt told me that my dog had jumped on the chair to look out of the window. I do not, however, allow him to go uninvestigated; for occasionally I feel the same motion, and find him, not on the chair, but trespassing on the sofa.

When a carpenter works in the house or in the barn near by, I know by the slanting, up-and-down, toothed vibration, and the ringing concussion of blow upon blow, that he is sawing or hammering. If I am near enough, a certain vibration, traveling back and forth along a wooden surface, brings me the information that he is using a plane.

A slight flutter on the rug tells me that a breeze has blown my papers off the table. A round thump is a signal that a

pencil has rolled on the floor. If a book falls, it gives a flat thud. A wooden rap on the balustrade announces that dinner is ready. Many of these vibrations are obliterated out of doors. On the lawn or the road, I can feel only running, stamping, and the rumble of wheels.

By placing my hand on a person's lips and throat, I gain an idea of many specific vibrations, and interpret them: a boy's chuckle, a man's "Whew!" of surprise, the "Hem!" of annoyance or perplexity, the moan of pain, a scream, a whisper, a rasp, a sob, a choke, and a gasp. The utterances of animals, though wordless, are eloquent to me—the cat's purr, its mew, its angry, jerky, scolding spit; the dog's bow-wow of warning or of joyous welcome, its yelp of despair, and its contented snore; the cow's moo; a monkey's chatter; the snort of a horse; the lion's roar, and the terrible snarl of the tiger. Perhaps I ought to add, for the benefit of the critics and doubters who may peruse this essay, that with my own hand I have felt all these sounds. From my childhood to the present day I have availed myself of every opportunity to visit zoölogical gardens, menageries, and the circus, and all the animals, except the tiger, have talked in to my hand. I have touched the tiger only in a museum, where he is as harmless as a lamb. I have, however, heard him talk by putting my hand on the bars of his cage. I have touched several lions in the flesh, and felt them roar royally, like a cataract over rocks.

To continue, I know the *plop* of liquid in a pitcher. So if I spill my milk, I have not the excuse of ignorance. I am also familiar with the pop of a cork, the sputter of a flame, the tick-tack of the clock, the metallic swing of the windmill, the labored rise and fall of the pump, the voluminous spurt of the hose, the deceptive tap of the breeze at door and window, and many other vibrations past computing.

There are vibrations which do not belong to skin-touch. They penetrate the skin, the nerves, the bones, like pain, heat and cold. The beat of a drum smites me through from the chest to the shoulder-blades. The din of the train, the bridge, and grinding machinery retains its grip upon me long after its cause has been left behind. If vibration and motion combine in my touch for any length of time, the earth seems to run away while I stand still. When I step off the train, the platform whirls round, and I find it difficult to walk steadily.

I am exceedingly sensitive to the harshness of noises like grinding, scraping, and the hoarse creak of rusty locks. Fog-whistles are my vibratory nightmares. I have stood near a bridge in process of construction, and felt the tactual din, the rattle of heavy masses of stone, the roll of loosened earth, the rumble of engines, the dumping of dirt-cars, the triple blows of vulcan hammers. I can also smell the fire-pots, the tar and cement. So I have a vivid idea of mighty labors in steel and stone, and I believe that I am acquainted with all the fiendish noises which can be made by man or machinery. The whack of heavy falling bodies, the sudden shivering splinter of chopped logs, the crystal shatter of pounded ice, the crash of a tree hurled to the earth by a hurricane, the irrational, persistent chaos of noise made by switching freight-trains, the explosion of gas, the blasting of stone, and the terrific grinding of rock upon rock which precedes the collapse—all these have been in my touch-experience.

Touch brings me into contact with the traffic and manifold activity of the city. Besides the bustle and crowding of people and the nondescript grating and electric howling of street-cars, I am conscious of exhalations from many different kinds of shops; from automobiles, drays, horses, fruit stands, and many varieties of smoke.

The city is interesting; but the silence of the country is always most welcome after the din of town and the irritating concussions of the train. How noiseless and undisturbing are the demolition, the repairs and the alterations of nature! With no sound of hammer or saw or stone severed from stone, but a music of rustles and ripe thumps on the grass come the fluttering leaves and mellow fruits which the wind tumbles all day from the branches. Silently all droops, all withers, all is poured back into the earth that it may recreate; all sleep while the busy architects of day and night ply their silent work elsewhere. The same serenity reigns when all at once the soil yields up a newly wrought creation. Softly the ocean of grass, moss, and flowers rolls surge upon surge across the earth. Curtains of foliage drape the bare branches. Great trees make ready in their sturdy hearts to receive again birds which occupy their spacious chambers to the south and west. Nay, there is no place so lowly that it may not lodge some happy creature. The meadow brook undoes its icy fetters with rippling notes, gurgles, and runs free. And all this is wrought in less than two months to the music of nature's orchestra, in the midst of balmy incense.

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me—the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibration of water running over pebbles. Once having been felt, these loved voices rustle, buzz, hum, flutter, and ripple in my thought forever, an undying part of happy memories.

Between my experiences and the experiences of others there is no gulf of mute space which I may not bridge. For I have endlessly varied, instructive contacts with all the world, with life, with the atmosphere whose radiant activity

enfolds us all. The thrilling energy of the all-encasing air is warm and rapturous. Heat-waves and sound-waves play upon my face in infinite variety and combination, until I am able to surmise what must be the myriad sounds that my senseless ears have not heard

The air varies in different regions, at different seasons of the year, and even different hours of the day. The odorous, fresh sea-breezes are distinct from the fitful breezes along river banks, which are humid and freighted with inland smells. The bracing, light, dry air of the mountains can never be mistaken for the pungent salt air of the ocean. The rain of winter is dense, hard, compressed. In the spring it has new vitality. It is light, mobile, and laden with a thousand palpitating odors from earth, grass, and sprouting leaves. The air of midsummer is dense, saturated, or dry and burning, as if it came from a furnace. When a cool breeze brushes the sultry stillness, it brings fewer odors than in May, and frequently the odor of a coming tempest. The avalanche of coolness which sweeps through the low-hanging air bears little resemblance to the stinging coolness of winter.

The rain of winter is so raw, without odor and dismal. The rain of spring is brisk, fragrant, charged with life-giving warmth. I welcome it delightedly as it visits the earth, enriches the streams, waters the hills abundantly, makes the furrows soft with showers for the seed, elicits a perfume which I cannot breathe deep enough. Spring rain is beautiful, impartial, lovable. With pearly drops it washes every leaf on tree and bush, ministers equally to salutary herbs and noxious growths, searches out every living thing that needs its beneficence.

The senses assist and reinforce each other to such an extent that I am not sure whether touch or smell tells me the most about the world. Everywhere the river of touch is

joined by the brooks of odor-perception. Each season has its distinctive odors. The spring is earthy and full of sap. July is rich with the odor of ripening grain and hay. As the season advances, a crisp, dry, mature odor predominates, and golden-rod, tansy, and everlastings mark the onward march of the year. In autumn, soft, alluring scents fill the air, floating from thicket, grass, flower, and tree, and they tell me of time and change, of death and life's renewal, desire and its fulfilment.

STUDY NOTES

In one way this selection is easy reading, and in another it is very difficult. It is difficult because it is hard for one who has normal sight and hearing to understand how the world must seem to one who lacks these senses.

Silent reading test. The average eighth-grade reader will read this selection through in about ten minutes. To test your mastery imagine that you are Helen Keller, then from her story describe as completely as you can the world you live in.

For class reports and discussion. 1. Describe the modern methods of teaching the blind to read. 2. Tell how the deaf are taught lip-reading. 3. Which is the greater handicap, to lose sight or to lose hearing in early childhood?

Library readings. From Helen Keller: *The Story of My Life*; *The World I Live In*; *Out of the Dark.*

The author. Measured by the achievement she has made under difficulties, Helen Keller is one of the most distinguished of Americans. Though blind and deaf from the age of nineteen months, she was ready to enter Radcliffe College when she was twenty years of age, and was graduated in four years, the time required of other students. She not only has learned to read and speak English, but foreign languages as well. She has written for many papers and magazines, and published a number of interesting books. She was born in Alabama in 1880. Her home is now at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

IF

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowances for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thought your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

STUDY NOTES

To think about and discuss. 1. How many "ifs" are there in the poem? 2. What ones of the "ifs" contain more than one condition? 3. Try as a silent reading test to state the substance of these "ifs." 4. Write down in your note-book these words: "I'll win my goal and be a man (or a woman) if—: (And then write down under that statement all the requirements which Kipling names, numbering them):

(1)
(2)
(3)
Etc.

The author. Look up the life of Kipling and members of class give two-minute talks.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

James Russell Lowell

According to myth the Holy Grail was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with His disciples. It was supposed to have been brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, where it remained as an object of adoration for many years in the keeping of Joseph's descendants. Those who had charge of the Holy Grail were required to be chaste in thought, word and deed. Finally, one of the keepers broke this condition and the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of King Arthur to go in search of it. Lowell builds the plot of his tale on this tradition, though he gives it a setting considerably later than King Arthur's time.

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

 Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;

Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
Now the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed bough and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun.
And made a star of every one;
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,

Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barded air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God and Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one

With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;

There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. It will help in the studying of this poem to observe that it consists of a Part First and Part Second, and that each Part is introduced by a Prelude. A prelude is intended to lead up to the matter it introduces and prepare the mind for it.

The Prelude to Part First itself consists of two parts, the first part being the opening stanza, and the second the remainder of the Prelude. In the opening stanza the writer, by describing how the organist approaches his theme, suggests that this is the way the Prelude leads up to the story of the poem. Note the different "atmosphere" of the two Preludes, each suited to the matter that follows. An interesting thread of a plot runs through Part First and Part Second.

Prelude to Part First

For study and discussion. 1. Have you heard musicians play as the writer suggests? 2. Remember how the Bible tells that Moses climbed Mount Sinai to talk with God, then explain the twelfth line. 3. The second stanza tells of the influence that nature may exert over us. With this thought in mind, explain each of the statements in the stanza. 4. First explain the meaning of the third stanza taken as a whole; then explain the separate thoughts in it. 5. Show that the fourth, fifth and sixth stanzas all deal with the same thought, and explain what that thought is. 6. A great many persons have thought the three stanzas beginning, "And what is so rare as a day in June" are so beautiful that they have committed one or all of them to memory. The members of the class might have a memory contest on these stanzas. 7. Explain the impression or feeling that you get from the Prelude as a whole; what kind of story does it prepare you for, sad or joyous?

Pictures for the mind. All of this Prelude, and especially the last three stanzas, is filled with pictures. Make a list of, say, ten of the pictures that stand out most clearly in your imagination as you read.

Part First

Pictures and their meaning. 1. Describe Sir Launfal as he appears before your mind's eye. Do you hear his voice as he speaks his command? Do you see him as he lies down and falls asleep, all clad in his armor? 2. Note how in the second stanza the contrast is drawn between the stern castle and the scene around it. Do you see the picture? 3. At what point in the story does the vision begin? 4. How does Sir Launfal impress you as he starts on his mission? What were his good points? His bad? 5. Can you picture the leper? Perhaps you could have Sir Launfal (minus the charger!) and the leper acted out in class. 6. What is meant by "giving to that which is out of sight"? 7. What do you think is the "thread of all-sustaining Beauty" which runs through our lives and unites us all? 8. Tell in your own words the story of this Part.

Prelude to Part Second

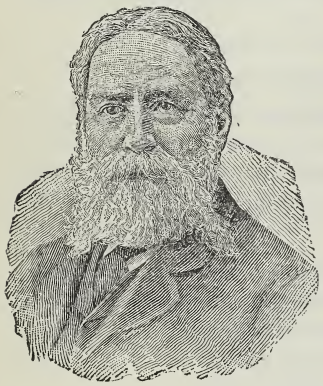
For study and discussion. This Prelude consists of two contrasting pictures, one of icy cold without and one of cheer and warmth within the hall; and, following these, the picture of the aged wanderer denied admission to the hall. 1. Have you seen all the frost-forms described in the first stanza? Do you see the pictures? Feel the cold? 2. Which are clearer to you in the description of the Christmas celebration, the images for the eye or those for the ear? 3. Contrast the picture of the Sir Launfal of this scene with the Sir Launfal who started out on the quest years before.

Part Second

For thought and discussion. 1. Why did the author draw a picture of summer warmth and beauty for Part First and of winter chill and suffering for Part Second? 2. What do you understand had happened that Sir Launfal was now turned away from his old estate? 3. What do you imagine to have been the course of Sir Launfal's life while he had been away from the hall? 4. Describe (or read) the vision that came before Sir Launfal's memory as he sat in the cold and mused when turned away from the hall. 5. How does leprosy affect its victims? 6. Explain (stanza V) the words Sir Launfal addressed to the leper. 7. How do you explain the change that had taken place in Sir Launfal that made him treat the second leper so differently from the first? 8. Explain the four lines beginning " 'Twas a mouldy crust . . ." 9. The rather difficult stanza VII is explained in the words the leper spoke to Sir Launfal in the first quotation of stanza VIII. Study the two together and then explain the meaning of this part of Sir Launfal's vision. 10. The

following phrases may be explained by looking up the references in the Bible: "Beautiful Gate (Acts 3:2); "*Himself* the *Gate* . . ." (John 10:9); "Lo, it is I . . ." (John 6:20); "My body broken for thee" (Luke 22:19); "Holy supper" (Luke 22:20). 11. Explain the four lines beginning, "Not what we give . . ." 12. Had Sir Launfal, the young knight, ever been away from his hall? Explain just what had happened after he went to sleep on the bed of rushes as told in the first stanza of Part First. 13. What change did this vision make in Sir Launfal's life? 14. What do you think was Lowell's purpose in writing this poem? 15. What lesson do you think it contains for us to-day?

Word study. These words should be looked up in the Glossary and their use in the text noted: auroral; druid; benedicite; startles; chanticleer; maiden; wold; forest-crypt; arabesques; seneschal; swound. What is meant by "cap and bells"?



For theme writing. 1. Acts of helpfulness that need doing near by. 2. A "Sir Launfal" I have known. 3. Why I like *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Memorizing. This poem is so beautiful that parts of it may well be committed to memory. Let each member of the class select from ten to thirty lines from the parts he likes best and memorize them. These may be recited in class.

The author. Two-minute talks on Lowell by members of the class. (The teacher may assign different topics in his life.)

The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

RECESSIONAL

Rudyard Kipling

In 1897 Great Britain held a great festival to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Britain boasts that the sun never sets on her dominions, and from all over the world, Canada, India, Australia and England itself came thousands of people to celebrate the great occasion. There were pomp and ceremony and congratulation and perhaps something of boasting and glorification. Kipling watched it all, heard the speeches, listened to the firing of salutes, saw the glistening parades—and then as the jubilee closed wrote this remarkable poem, which is now counted as one of the world's greatest hymns.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds, without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust
 In reeking tube, and iron shard—
All valiant dust, that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. Be sure you know the meaning of "recessional" and then decide why Kipling named this poem Recessional. 2. Explain England's "far-flung" battle line. 3. What differences in latitude does the phrase "palm and pine" suggest? 4. Where in the Bible is a "humble and contrite heart" referred to as the most desirable sacrifice? 5. Why the reference to Nineveh and Tyre? 6. Explain the author's use of "Gentiles" and "lesser breeds, without the law." 7. Explain "reeking tube, and iron shard." 8. This poem is in the form of a prayer: Do you think it is well for our own nation to pray such a prayer?

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
 And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth and the right be right,
 Is the man that the ages want.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE CODE OF GOOD AMERICANS

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS

This code, prepared by Professor Hutchins of Oberlin College, won a prize of five thousand dollars for the best code for American Boys and Girls. A code is a set of laws or rules.

THE LAW OF HEALTH: The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health. (The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work.) Therefore:

I will keep my clothes, my body, and my mind clean.

I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.

I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL: The good American controls himself. (Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.)

I will control my *tongue*, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.

I will control my *temper*, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

I will control my *thoughts*, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE: The good American is self-reliant. (Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.)

I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

I will not be afraid of being laughed at.

I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd goes wrong.

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY: The good American is reliable. (Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other.) Therefore:

I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.

I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I can not hide the truth from myself and can not often hide it from others.

I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.

I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will speak and act so that people will find it easier to trust each other.

THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY: The good American plays fair. (Clean play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country.) Therefore:

I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

I will treat my opponent with politeness.

If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.

I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

THE LAW OF DUTY: The good American does his duty. (The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow-citizens, and so harms his country.) I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do*, and my duty will I do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP: The good American tries to do the right thing in the right way. (The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done.) Therefore:

I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.

I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.

I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker.

THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK: The good American works in friendly cooperation with his fellow workers. (One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.)

In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.

I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste to time and patience.

In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.

When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

The Law of Kindness: The good American is kind. (In America those who are of different race, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life.) Therefore:

I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.

I will be kind in all my *speech*. I will not gossip nor will I speak unkindly of anyone. Words may wound or heal.

The Law of Loyalty: The good American is loyal. (If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful in every relation of life.)

I will be loyal to my home. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.

I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.

I will be loyal to my town, my State, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of justice.

I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to everyone in every land the best possible chance. If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my State, and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, State and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try, above all things else, to be loyal to my country, my State and my town, to my school and to my family.

And he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all of the other nine laws of The Good American.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. How many chief laws or rules are stated in this Code? Can you think of any others that should go in? 2. Count all of the special rules under the chief laws; how many? Ought there to be special rules added under any of the chief laws? 3. Think these laws over and decide which are the most important. 4. Which are the hardest to obey? 5. To which do *you* need to give special attention? 6. Is the author right when he says that he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all the other nine?

Themes. 1. Two-minute talks on the different laws. 2. Class competition on writing a Code for your school.

CHARITY

I Corinthians, XIII

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

PROVERBS

The Bible

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit.

A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

FOR HOME OR LIBRARY READING

Argonauts of Faith.....Mathews
Boys' Life of Lafayette.....Nicolay
Cattle Ranch to College..Doubleday
Florence Nightingale.....Richards
Heroes of Today.....Parkman
Heroines for Service.....Parkman
Little Book of the Flag.....Tappan
Making of an American.....Riis
More than Conquerors.....Gilbert
My Country.....Turkington
My Friend the Indian.McLaughlin
On the Trail of Grant and Lee..Hill
On the Trail of Washington....Hill
Panama, Past and Present
.....Bishop
Pathfinders of the West.....Laut
Ten Girls from History....Sweetser
The Boys' Life of Edison.
.....Meadowcraft
The Land of Fair Play....Parsons
The Land We Live In.....Price
The Prairie Wife.....Stringer
With Men Who Do Things...Bond
With Pick, Shovel and Pluck..Bond



Part Three

IN THE OPEN

WHY do all boys and girls, and all men and women for that matter, love to get out under the open sky? Why the procession of automobiles headed for the woods, the mountains and the lakes on every holiday? Why the camping parties and the hikes and the excursions to lake and forest? Is it not because in the heart of each of us there is something that responds to nature's call?—Something that makes us ready to obey Bryant's counsel,

> Go forth under the open sky, and list
> To Nature's teachings.

It has been said that all literature treats of only three different themes, *Nature, Man* and *God.* Be that as it may, many writers have dealt with nature. Poets, story-writers, indeed nearly all writers, have turned to field and sky and ocean and the varied forms of life for their inspiration.

One writer, who enters into the spirit of nature, thus expresses his thought:

> In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
> She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green;
> Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace
> And waste their music on a savage race.

Another, evidently fresh from a stroll in the woods and along mountain path, draws this picture:

> Here are cool mosses deep,
> And thro' the mosses the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Still another, impressed by the glorious color scheme of a varied landscape, exclaims—

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

We might go on quoting until we had used up all the remaining space of our book, and then we would but have made a beginning on the many passages in literature expressing wonder and love for nature. Then there are all the writers who tell, not of nature in general, but of some particular form or phase of nature. Some are interested in animal life, and so we have stories of buffaloes, of grizzlies, of horses or dogs or birds or ants or what not. Some are most attracted by the plant forms of life, and from their pens flow poems of *Daffodils*, of *Color in the Wheat*, or of *The Vespers of a Tree*. Some love the storm, like to see the lightning flash, hear the waves roar against a granite coast, watch the snow drive before a gale; and they write to us of storms at sea, of western blizzards, or of other forces of nature which show her wilder moods.

Still others, in love with light and dark and color and blue skies and flashing stars, write to us of the dawn, the sunrise, the evening shade, the season's change, the glory of the day and the peace of night.

From all their stories and poems we may learn while we enjoy. We may learn to *see*, to *hear*, to *understand* the great out-of-doors, and ourselves become better and more intelligent lovers of nature. Perhaps we can make nature so completely our own that we can say (with the emphasis on *me* and *my!*) with Pope,

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool Earth, my canopy the skies.



ANIMAL LIFE

LAST BULL

CHARLES C. D. ROBERTS

The hero of this Story, "Last Bull," is a gigantic buffalo, far separated from his western plains and kept to adorn an eastern park. The author, a celebrated writer of nature fiction, has made us feel something of the loneliness and tragedy that may come to wild animals when they are separated from their native home and compelled to live in a narrow and disquieting environment. Reprinted from Roberts' *Kings in Exile*, by special arrangement with Macmillan Company, Publishers.

THAT was what two grim old sachems of the Dacotahs had dubbed him; and though his official title, on the lists of the Zoölogical Park, was "Kaiser," the new and more significant name had promptly supplanted it. . . .

Here, in his fenced, protected range, with a space of grassy meadow, half a dozen clumps of sheltering trees, two hundred yards of the run of a clear, unfailing brook, and a warm shed for refuge against the winter storms, the giant buffalo ruled his little herd of three tawny cows, two yearlings, and one blundering, butting calf of the season. . . .

For a distance of perhaps fifty yards, at the back of the pasture, the range of the buffalo herd adjoined that of the moose, divided from it by that same fence of heavy steel-wire mesh, supported by iron posts, which surrounded the whole range. One sunny and tingling day in late October —such a day as makes the blood race full red through all healthy veins—a magnificent stranger was brought to the Park, and turned into the moose-range. . . .

The newcomer was a New Brunswick bull moose, captured on the Tobique during the previous spring when the snow was deep and soft, and purchased for the Park by one of the big Eastern lumber-merchants. The moose-herd had consisted, hitherto, of four lonely cows, and the splendid bull was a prize which the Park had long been coveting. He took lordly possession, forthwith, of the submissive little herd, and led them off at once from the curious crowds about the gate to explore the wild-looking thickets at the back of the pasture. But no sooner had he fairly entered these thickets than he found his further progress barred by the steel-meshed fence. This was a bitter disappointment, for he had expected to go striding through miles of alder swamp and dark spruce woods, fleeing the hated world of men and bondage, before setting himself to get acquainted with his new followers. His high-strung temper was badly jarred. He drew off, shaking his vast antlers, and went shambling with spacious stride down along the barrier towards the brook. The four cows, in single file, hurried after him anxiously, afraid he might be snatched away from them.

Last Bull, standing solitary and morose on a little knoll in his pasture, caught sight of the strange, dark figure of the running moose. A spark leapt into his heavy eyes. He wheeled, pawed the sod, put his muzzle to the ground, and bellowed a sonorous challenge. The moose stopped short and stared about him, the stiff hair lifting angrily about the ridge of his massive neck. Last Bull lowered his head and tore up the sod with his horns.

This vehement action caught the eye of the moose. . . . He gave vent to a short, harsh, explosive cry, more like a grumbling bleat than a bellow, and as unlike the buffalo's challenge as could well be imagined. Then he fell to thrashing the nearest bushes violently with his antlers. This,

for some reason unknown to the mere human chronicler, seemed to be taken by Last Bull as a crowning insolence. His long, tasselled tail went stiffly up into the air, and he charged wrathfully down the knoll. The moose, with his heavy-muzzled head stuck straight out scornfully before him, and his antlers laid flat along his back, strode down to the encounter with a certain deadly deliberation. He was going to fight. There was no doubt whatever on that score. But he had not quite made up his wary mind as to how he would deal with this unknown and novel adversary. . . .

Had there been no impregnable steel barrier between them, it is hard to say which would have triumphed in the end, the ponderous weight and fury of Last Bull, or the ripping prongs and swift wrath of the moose. The buffalo charged down the knoll at a thundering gallop; but just before reaching the fence he checked himself violently. . . .

The moose, meanwhile, had been in doubt whether to attack with his antlers, as was his manner when encountering foes of his own kind, or with his knife-edged fore-hoofs, which were the weapons he used against bears, wolves, or other alien adversaries. Finally he seemed to make up his mind that Last Bull, having horns and a most redoubtable stature, must be some kind of moose. In that case, of course, it became a question of antlers. Moreover, in his meetings with rival bulls it had never been his wont to depend upon a blind, irresistible charge,—thereby leaving it open to an alert opponent to slip aside and rip him along the flank,—but rather to fence warily for an advantage in the locking of antlers, and then bear down his foe by the fury and speed of his pushing. It so happened, therefore, that he, too, came not too violently against the barrier. Loudly his vast spread of antlers clashed upon the steel meshes; and one short prong, jutting low over his brow,

pierced through and furrowed deeply the matted forehead of the buffalo.

As the blood streamed down over his nostrils, obscuring one eye, Last Bull quite lost his head with rage. Drawing off, he hurled himself blindly upon the barrier—only to be hurled back again with a vigor that brought him to his knees. But at the same time, the moose on the other side of the fence got a huge surprise. Having his antlers against the barrier when Last Bull charged, he was forced back irresistibly upon his haunches with a rudeness quite unlike anything that he had ever before experienced. His massive neck felt as if a pine tree had fallen upon it, and he came back to the charge quite beside himself with bewilderment and rage.

By this time, however, the keepers and Park attendants were arriving on the scene, armed with pitchforks and other unpleasant executors of authority. Snorting, and bellowing, and grunting, the monstrous duellists were forced apart; and Last Bull, who had been taught something of man's dominance, was driven off to the stable and imprisoned. He was not let out again for two whole days. And by that time another fence, parallel with the first and some five or six feet distant from it, had been run up between his range and that of the moose. Over this impassable zone of neutrality, for a few days, the two rivals flung insult and futile defiance, till suddenly, becoming tired of it all, they seemed to agree to ignore each other's existence.

After this, Last Bull's sullenness of temper appeared to grow upon him. . . .

The spectators, strolling along the wide walk which skirted the front of his range, seemed to irritate him, and sometimes, when a group had gathered to admire him, he would turn his low-hung head and answer their staring eyes with a kind of heavy fury, as if he burned

to break forth upon them and seek vengeance for incalculable wrongs. This smouldering indignation against humanity extended equally, if not more violently, to all creatures who appeared to him as servants of allies of humanity. The dogs whom he sometimes saw passing, held in leash by their masters or mistresses, made him paw the earth scornfully if he happened to be near the fence. The patient horses who pulled the road-roller or the noisy lawn-mower made his eyes redden savagely. And he hated with peculiar zest the roguish little trick elephant, Bong, who would sometimes, his inquisitive trunk swinging from side to side, go lurching lazily by with a load of squealing children on his back. . . .

One crisp morning in late November, when all the grass in the Park had been blackened by frost, and the pools were edged with silver rims of ice, and mists were white and saffron about the scarce-risen sun, and that autumn thrill was in the air which gives one such an appetite, Bong chanced to be strolling past the front of Last Bull's range. He did not see Last Bull, who was nothing to him. But, being just as hungry as he ought to be on so stimulating a morning, he did see, and note with interest, some bundles of fresh hay on the other side of the fence.

Now, Bong was no thief. But hay had always seemed to him a free largess, like grass and water, and this looked like very good hay. So clear a conscience had he on the subject that he never thought of glancing around to see if any of the attendants were looking. Innocently he lurched up to the fence, reached his lithe trunk through, gathered a neat wisp of the hay, and stuffed it happily into his curious, narrow, pointed mouth. Yes, he had not been mistaken. It was good hay. With great satisfaction he reached in for another mouthful.

Last Bull, as it happened, was standing close by, but a

little to one side. He had been ignoring, so far, his morning ration. He was not hungry. . . . But when, a few seconds later, that long, curling trunk of Bong's insinuated itself again and appropriated another bundle of the now precious hay, the outraged owner bestirred himself. With a curt roar, that was more of a cough, or a grunt than a bellow, he lunged forward and strove to pin the intruding trunk to the ground.

With startled alacrity Bong withdrew his trunk, but just in time to save it from being mangled. For an instant he stood with the member held high in air, bewildered by what seemed to him such a gratuitous attack. Then his twinkling little eyes began to blaze, and he trumpeted shrilly with anger.

The next moment, reaching over the fence, he brought down the trunk on Last Bull's hump with such a terrible flail-like blow that the great buffalo stumbled forward upon his knees.

He was up again in an instant and hurling himself madly against the inexorable steel which separated him from his foe. Bong hesitated for a second, then, reaching over the fence once more, clutched Last Bull maliciously around the base of his horns and tried to twist his neck. This enterprise, however, was too much even for the elephant's titanic powers, for Last Bull's greatest strength lay in the muscles of his ponderous and corded neck. Raving and bellowing, he plunged this way and that, striving in vain to wrench himself free from that incomprehensible, snake-like thing which had fastened upon him. Bong, trumpeting savagely, braced himself with wide-spread pillars of legs, and between them it seemed that the steel fence must go down under such cataclysmic shocks as it was suffering. But the noisy violence of the battle presently brought its own ending. An amused but angry squad of attendants came up and stopped

it and Bong, who seemed plainly the aggressor, was hustled off to his stall in deep disgrace.

Last Bull was humiliated. In this encounter things had happened which he could in no way comprehend; and though, beyond an aching in neck and shoulders, he felt none the worse physically, he had nevertheless a sense of having been worsted, of having been treated with ignominy, in spite of the fact that it was his foe, and not he, who had retired from the field. For several days he wore a subdued air and kept about meekly with his docile cows. Then his old, bitter moodiness reasserted itself, and he assumed his solitary broodings on the crest of the knoll. . . .

It chanced that winter that men were driving a railway tunnel beneath a corner of the Park. The tunnel ran for a short distance under the front of Last Bull's range, and passed close by the picturesque cottage occupied by Payne and two of his assistants. At this point the level of the Park was low, and the shell of earth was thin above the tunnel roof.

There came a Sunday afternoon, after days of rain and penetrating January thaw, when sun and air combined to cheat the earth with an illusion of spring. The buds and the mould breathed of April, and gay crowds flocked to the Park, to make the most of winter's temporary repulse. Just when things were at their gayest, with children's voices clamoring everywhere like starlings, and Bong, the little elephant, swinging good-naturedly up the broad white track with all the load he had room for on his back, there came an ominous jar and rumble, like the first of an earthquake, which ran along the front of Last Bull's range.

With sure instinct, Bong turned tail and fled with his young charges away across the grassland. The crowds, hardly knowing what they fled from, with screams and cries and blanched faces, followed the elephant's example.

A moment later and, with a muffled crash, all along the front of the range, the earth sank into the tunnel, carrying with it half a dozen panels of Last Bull's hated fence. . . .

The break had run just beneath one corner of the keeper's cottage, tearing away a portion of the foundation and wrenching the structure slightly aside without overthrowing it. Payne, who had been in the midst of his Sunday toilet, came out upon his twisted porch, half undressed and with a shaving-brush covered with lather in his hand. He gave one look at the damage which had been wrought, then plunged indoors again to throw his clothes on, at the same time sounding the hurry call for the attendants in other quarters of the Park.

Last Bull, who had been standing on his knoll, with his back to the throngs, had wheeled in astonishment at the heavy sound of the cave-in. For a few minutes he had stared sullenly, not grasping the situation. Then very slowly it dawned on him that his prison walls had fallen. Yes, surely, there at last lay his way to freedom, his path to great open spaces for which he dumbly and vaguely hungered. With stately deliberation, he marched down from his knoll to investigate.

But presently another idea came into his slow mind. He saw the clamorous crowds flocking back and ranging themselves along the edge of the chasm. These were his enemies. They were coming to balk him. A terrible madness surged through all his veins. He bellowed savage warning and came thundering down the field, nose to earth, dark, mountainous, irresistible.

The crowd yelled and shrank back. "He can't get across!" shouted some. But others cried: "He can! He's coming! Save yourselves!" And with shrieks they scattered wildly across the open, making for the kiosks, the pavilions, the

trees, anything that seemed to promise hiding or shelter from that on-rushing doom.

At the edge of the chasm—at this point forming not an actual drop, but a broken slide—Last Bull hardly paused. He plunged down, rolled over in the debris, struggled to his feet again instantly, and went ploughing and snorting up the opposite steep. As his colossal front, matted with mud, loomed up over the brink, his little eyes rolling and flaming, and the froth flying from his red nostrils, he formed a very nightmare of horror to those fugitives who dared to look behind them.

Surmounting the brink, he paused. There were so many enemies, he knew not which to pursue first. But straight ahead, in the very middle of the open, and far from any shelter, he saw a huddled group of children and nurses fleeing impotently and aimlessly. Shrill cries came from the cluster, which danced with colors, scarlet and yellow and blue and vivid pink. To the mad buffalo, these were the most conspicuous and the loudest of his foes, and therefore the most dangerous. With a bellow he flung his tail straight in the air, and charged after them.

An appalling hush fell, for a few heart-beats, all over the field. Then from different quarters appeared uniformed attendants, racing and shouting frantically to divert the bull's attention. From fleeing groups black-coated men leapt forth, armed only with their walking-sticks, and rushed desperately to defend the flock of children, who now, in the extremity of their terror, were tumbling as they ran. Some of the nurses were fleeing far in front, while others, the faithful ones, with eyes starting from their heads, grabbed up their little charges and struggled on under the burden.

Already Last Bull was halfway across the space which divided him from his foes. The ground shook under his

ponderous gallop. At this moment Payne reappeared on the broken porch.

One glance showed him that no one was near enough to intervene. With a face stern and sorrowful he lifted the deadly .405 Winchester which he had brought out with him. The spot he covered was just behind Last Bull's mighty shoulder.

The smokeless powder spoke with a small, venomous report, unlike the black powder's noisy reverberation. Last Bull stumbled. But recovering himself instantly, he rushed on. He was hurt, and he felt it was those fleeing foes who had done it. A shade of perplexity darkened Payne's face. He fired again. This time his aim was true. The heavy expanding bullet tore straight through bone and muscle and heart, and Last Bull lurched forward upon his head, ploughing up the turf for yards. As his mad eyes softened and filmed, he saw once more, perhaps,—or so the heavy-hearted keeper who had slain him would have us believe,—the shadowy plains unrolling under the wild sky, and the hosts of his vanished kindred drifting past into the dark.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. Explain "two grim old sachems." 2. What was the "tragic bond" that existed between the two Indians and the buffalo? 3. By what other name are buffaloes known? Which name is the more scientifically correct? 4. What is meant by the "Yellowstone preserves"? 5. Can you form a picture of Last Bull from the description so that you can "almost see him"? 6. Can you form a picture of the two pastures and the small herds of buffalo and moose? 7. Contrast the difference in appearance of the buffalo and the moose. 8. Do animals ever "lose their minds" as people sometimes do? 9. Do you think it is right to keep wild animals in captivity? Would buffalo become extinct under conditions of modern civilization if they were not preserved in captivity? 10. What do you think causes certain wild animals to fight each other seemingly without provocation or necessity?

Silent reading test. The story contains three rather dramatic or

exciting incidents: two fights and the attempt of Last Bull to escape. Tell each of these stories as fully as possible, making one realize vividly the mood of each of the animals concerned.

Story-telling in class. Combats which I have seen between animals.

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: supplanted; morose; vehement; myriads; repudiated; addicted; presumptuous; cataclysmic; ignominy.

Phrases for study. "Swelling titles of civilization"; "crescent of his horns"; "prehistoric epoch"; "more lavish lives"; zone of neutrality"; "vanished kindred."

Library or home reading. Other books by Roberts: *Hoof and Claw*; *Children of the Wild*; *Secret Trails*; *Watchers of the Trails.*

The author. Charles C. D. Roberts (1860-) is a Canadian traveler and writer of nature stories, whose works are widely read and greatly enjoyed by many boys and girls.

The kongoni (the native name for the hartebeest) is the policeman of the African plains. He is the self-appointed guardian of all the other animals, and, for some strange unselfish reason, he always does sentinel duty for the others. His eyes are so keen that he sees your hat when you appear over the horizon two miles away, and from that moment he never loses sight of you. If you approach too near he whistles shrilly, and every other animal within several hundred yards is on the alert and apprehensive. The kongoni often risks his own life to warn other herds of animals of the approach of danger. The hunters hate him for the trouble he gives them, but a fair-minded man can not help but recognize the heroic, self-sacrificing qualities of the big, awkward, vigilant antelope.

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON.

THE ATTAS AT HOME

WILLIAM BEEBE

Mr. Beebe, a distinguished American naturalist whose home is in New York City, travels widely and studies wild life in many out-of-the-way places. The home of the Attas (leaf-cutting ants) here described was in British Guiana, at the edge of the tropical jungle of South America, where the naturalist had his laboratory. This selection is taken from *Edge of the Jungle,* every page of which is interesting reading.

MY Atta city was only two hundred feet away from the laboratory, in fairly high jungle, within sound of the dinner triangle, and of the lapping waves on the Mazaruni shore. . . .

I rubbed vaseline on my high boots, and about the tops bound a band of teased-out absorbent cotton. My pick and shovel I treated likewise, and thus I was comparatively insulated; for without precautions no living being could withstand the slow, implacable attack of disturbed Attas. At present I walked unmolested across the glade. The millions beneath my feet were as unconscious of my presence as they were of the breeze in the palm-fronds overhead.

At the first deep shovel-thrust, a slow-moving flood of reddish-brown began to pour forth from the crumbled earth—the outposts of the Atta Maximus moving upward to the attack. For a few seconds only workers of various sizes appeared; then an enormous head heaved upward, and there came into the light of day the first Atta soldier. He was twice the size of a large worker and heavy in proportion. Instead of being drawn up into two spines, the top of his head was rounded, bald, and shiny, and only at the back

were the two spines visible, shifted downward. The front of the head was thickly clothed with golden hair, which hung down bang-like over a round, glistening single median eye. One by one, and then shoulder to shoulder, these Cyclopean Maxims lumbered forth to battle, and soon my boots were covered in spite of the grease, all sinking their mandibles deep into the leather.

When I unpacked these boots this year, I found the heads and jaws of two Attas still firmly attached, relics of some forgotten foray of the preceding year. This mechanical, vise-like grip, wholly independent of life or death, is utilized by the Guiana Indians. In place of stitching up extensive wounds, a number of these giant Atta Maxims are collected, and their jaws applied to the edges of the skin, which are drawn together. The ants take hold, their bodies are snipped off, and the row of heads remain until the wound is healed.

Over and around the outpouring soldiers, the tiny workers ran and bit and chewed away at whatever they could reach. Dozens of ants made their way up to the cotton, but found the utmost difficulty in clambering over the loose fluff. Now and then, however, a needle-like nip at the back of my neck showed that some pioneer of these shock troops had broken through, when I was thankful that Attas could only bite, and not sting as well. . . .

I now dug swiftly and crashed with pick down through three feet of soil. The great entrance arteries of the nest branched and bifurcated, separated and anastomosed, while here and there were chambers varying in size from a cocoa-nut to a football. These were filled with what looked like soft grayish sponge covered with whitish mould, and these sombre affairs were the *raison d'etre* of all the leaf-cutting, the trails, the struggles through jungles, the constant battling against wind and rain and sun.

But the labors of the Attas are renewed only when a worker disappears down a hole with his hard-earned bit of leaf. He drops it and goes on his way. We do not know what this way is, but my guess is that he turns around and goes after another leaf. Whatever the nests of Attas possess, they are without recreation-rooms. These sluggard-instructors do not know enough to take a vacation; their faces are made for biting, not for laughing or yawning. I once dabbed fifteen Mediums with a touch of white paint as they approached the nest, and within five minutes thirteen of them had emerged and started on the back track again.

The leaf is taken in charge by another Medium, hosts of whom are everywhere. Once, after a spadeful, I placed my eye as close as possible to a small heap of green leaves, and around one oblong bit were five Mediums, each with a considerable amount of chewed and mumbled tissue in front of him. This is the only time I have ever succeeded in finding these ants actually at this work. The leaves are chewed thoroughly, and built up into the sponge gardens, being used neither for thatch, nor for food, but as fertilizer. And not for any strange subterranean berry or kernel or fruit, but for a fungus or mushroom. The spores sprout and proliferate rapidly, the gray mycelia covering the garden; and at the end of each thread is a little knobbed body filled with liquid. This forms the sole food of the ants in the nest; but a drop of honey placed by a busy trail will draw a circle of workers at any time—both Mediums and Minims, who surround it and drink their fill.

When the fungus garden is in full growth, the nest-labors of the Minims begin; and until the knobbed bodies are actually ripe, they never cease to weed and prune, killing off the multitude of other fungi and foreign organisms, and, by pruning, to keep their particular fungus growing, and prevent it from fructifying.

Only in Calcutta bazaars at night, and in underground streets of Peking have I seen stranger beings than I unearthed in my Atta nest. Now and then there rolled out of a shovelful of earth an unbelievably big and rotund cicada larva—which, in the course of time, whether in one or in seventeen years, would emerge as the great marbled, winged Cicada gigas, spreading five inches from tip to tip. Small tarantulas, with beautiful wine-colored cephalothorax, made their home deep in the nest, guarded, perhaps, by their dense covering of hair. Slender scorpions sidled out from the ruins; they were bare, with vulnerable joints, but they had the advantage of long, mobile arms, and a pair of hands which could quickly and skillfully pluck an attacking ant from any part of their anatomy.

The strangest of all the tenants were the tiny, amber-colored roaches, which clung frantically to the heads of the great soldier ants, or scurried over the tumultuous mounds, searching for a crevice sanctuary. They were funny, fat little beings, wholly blind, yet supremely conscious of the danger that threatened, and with only the single thought of getting below the surface as quickly as possible. The Attas have very few insect guests, but this cockroach is one who has made himself perfectly at home. Through century upon century he has become altered to whatever speed and carriage best suits little guests in big underground halls and galleries.

Thus the Little Friend of the Leafcutters lives easily through his term of weeks or months, or perhaps even a year, and has nothing to fear for food or mates, or from enemies. . . .

Once, far down in the nest, I came upon three young queens, recently emerged, dazed and stupid, with wings dull and glazed, who crawled with awkward haste back into darkness. And again twelve winged females were grouped

in one small chamber, restless and confused. This was the only glimpse I ever had of Atta royalty at home.

Good fortune was with me, however, on a memorable fifth of May, when returning from a monkey-hunt in high jungle. As I came out into the edge of a clearing, a low humming attracted my attention. It was ventriloquial, and my ear refused to trace it. It sounded exactly like a great aerodrome far in the distance, with a score or more of planes tuning up. I chanced to see a large bee-like insect rising through the branches, and following back along its path, I suddenly perceived the rarest of sights—an Atta nest-entrance boiling with the excitement of a flight of winged kings and queens. So engrossed were the ants that they paid no attention to me, and I was able to creep up close and kneel within two feet of the hole. The main nest was twenty feet away, and this was a special exit made for the occasion—a triumphal gateway erected far away from the humdrum leaf-traffic.

The two-inch arched hole led obliquely down into darkness, while brilliant sunshine illumined the earthen take-off and the surrounding mass of pink Mazaruni primroses. Up this corridor Atta nobility was coming, slowly, with dignity, as befitted the occasion. The males were more active, as they were smaller in size than the females, but they were veritable giants in comparison with the workers. The queens seemed like beings of another race, with their great bowed thorax supporting the folded wings, heads correspondingly large, with less jaw-development, but greatly increased keenness of vision. In comparison with the Minims, these queens were as a human being one hundred feet in height. . .

I selected one large queen as she appeared, and watched her closely. Slowly and with great effort she climbed the steep ascent into the blazing sunlight. Five tiny Minims were clinging to her body and wings, all scrubbing and

cleaning as hard as they could. She chose a clear space, spread her wings wide and flat, stood high upon her six legs, and waited. I fairly shouted at this change, for slight though it was, it worked magic, and the queen Atta was a queen no more, but a miniature, straddle-legged aeroplane, pushed into position, and overrun by a crowd of mechanics, putting the finishing touches, tightening the wires, oiling every pliable crevice. A Medium came along, tugged at a leg, and the obliging little plane lifted it for inspection. For three minutes this kept up, and then the plane became a queen and moved restlessly. Without warning, as if some irresponsible mechanic had turned the primed propellers, the four mighty wings whirred—and four Minims were hurled head over heels a foot away, snapped from their positions. The sound of the wings was almost too exact an imitation of the snarl of a starting plane—the comparison was absurd in its exactness of timbre and resonance.

It was only a test, however, and the moment the queen became quiet, the upset mechanics clambered back. They crawled beneath her, scraped her feet and antennæ, licked her eyes and jaws, and went over every shred of wing-tissue.

Then again she buzzed, this time sending only a single Minim sprawling. Again she stopped, after lifting herself an inch, but immediately started up, and now rose rather unsteadily, but without pause, and slowly ascended above the nest and the primroses. Circling once, she passed through green leaves and glowing balls of fruit into the blue sky. . . .

We have seen how the little blind roaches occasionally cling to an emerging queen and so are transplanted to a new nest. But the queen bears something far more valuable. More faithfully than ever virgin tended temple fires, each departing queen fills a little pouch in her mouth with a

pellet of the precious fungus, and here it is carefully guarded until the time comes for its propagation in the new nest.

When she has descended to earth and excavated a little chamber, she closes the entrance, and for forty days and nights labors at the founding of a new colony. She plants the little fungus cutting, and tends it with the utmost solicitude. The care and feeding in her past life have stored within her the substance for vast numbers of eggs. Nine out of ten that she lays she eats, to give her the strength to go on with her labors; and when the first larvæ emerge, they too are fed with surplus eggs. In time they pupate, and at the end of six weeks the first workers—all tiny Minims—hatch. Small as they are, born in darkness, yet no education is needed. The Spirit of the Attas infuses them. Play and rest are the only things incomprehensible to them, and they take charge at once of fungus, of excavation, of the care of the queen and eggs, the feeding of the larvæ. As soon as the huskier Mediums appear, they break through into the upper world, and one day the first bit of green leaf is carried down into the nest.

The queen rests. Henceforth, as far as we know, she becomes a mere egg-producing machine, fed mechanically by mechanical workers, the food transformed by physiological mechanics into yolk, and then deposited. The aeroplane has become transformed into an incubator.

STUDY NOTES

Ants are among the most interesting of the lower organisms. They live in highly organized societies, with quite definite division of labor, as workers, fighters, kings and queens. They are guided by instinct rather than by intelligence, but may do very remarkable things in carrying out the activities of their colony.

For study and discussion. 1. Explain the measures taken by the author to protect himself against the ants. 2. What different classes of Attas are mentioned? 3. Explain the use sometimes made by the Guiana

Indians of the soldier Attas. 4. Explain how the leaves which are cut and carried into the nest are used to make a garden for growing food. 5. Describe how the fungus gardens are cultivated. 6. What various forms of animal life made their home in the Atta nest? 7. Describe the flight of the queen and compare with the flight of the queen bee. 8. How does the Atta queen insure a supply of food in the new nest she is to start after her flight? 9. The young Attas know by instinct from the moment they are hatched how to perform certain necessary acts. Make a list of the acts which a baby at birth is able to perform by instinct. 10. Which do you think is a better line of interest to develop, hunting wild life or *studying* it?

Class reading. One or more of these chapters from *Edge of the Jungle*: "The Home Town of the Army Ants"; "A Jungle Labor Union"; "A Bay of Butterflies."

Topics for themes. 1. A half hour's observation of an ant nest. (This to be based on personal observation and study.) 2. Similar topics for the observation of other forms of wild life.

Library or home reading. J. Henri Fabre, *Insect Adventures*; Henry C. McCook, *Ant Communities*.

It is half-past eight on the blossomy bush;
The petals are spread for a sunning;
The little gold fly is scrubbing his face;
The spider is nervously running
To fasten a thread; the night-going moth
Is folding his velvet perfection;
And presently over the clover will come
The bee on a tour of inspection.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

THOR, THE GRIZZLY

James Oliver Curwood

James Oliver Curwood is a traveler and explorer, who delights to go where other men have never gone. He loves the vast and silent places of the great forests and knows and understands as few men do the many forms of life that abound in wild regions.

At one time Mr. Curwood was a great hunter, having as he tells us twenty-seven guns in his home, all of which had been used with deadly skill in the pursuit of game. With these guns he "left red trails to Hudson's Bay, to the Barren Lands, to the Arctic Ocean, to the Yukon and Alaska, and throughout British Columbia."

Then came the strange and startling adventure recounted in our story. This experience completely cured the author of all desire to kill wild animals and opened his eyes to the sacredness of every form of life. He tells of all these things in an interesting little book, *God's Country* which most boys and girls would greatly enjoy reading. Mr. Curwood has also written *The Valley of Silent Men* and *The River's End*, and other tales.

AT THE particular time I am going to write about, I was on a big grizzly-hunt in a wild and unhunted part of the British Columbia mountains. I had with me one man, seven horses, and a pack of Airdales trained to hunt bear. We had struck a grizzly-and-caribou paradise, and there had been considerable killing, when, one day, we came upon the trail of Thor, the great beast that showed me how small in soul and inclination a man can be. In a patch of mud his feet had left tracks that were fifteen inches from tip to tip, and so wide and deep were the imprints that I knew I had come upon the king of all his kind.

I was alone that morning, for I had left camp an hour ahead of my man, who was two or three miles behind me

with four of the horses and the Airdale pack. I went on watching for a new campsite, for the thrill of a great desire possessed me—the desire to take the life of this monster king of the mountains. It was in these moments that the unexpected happened. I came over a little rise, not expecting that my bear was within two or three miles of me, when something that was very much like a low and sullen rumble of far-away thunder stopped the blood in my veins.

Ahead of me, on the edge of a little wallow of mud, stood Thor. He had smelled me, and, I believe, it was the first time he had ever smelled the scent of man. Waiting for this new mystery in the air, he had reared himself up until the whole nine feet of him rested on his haunches, and he sat like a trained dog, with his great forefeet, heavy with mud, drooping in front of his chest. He was a monster in size, and his new June coat shone a golden brown in the sun. His forearms were almost as large as a man's body, and the three largest of his five knifelike claws were five and a half inches long. He was fat and sleek and powerful. His upper fangs, sharp as stiletto-points, were as long as a man's thumb, and between his great jaws he could have crushed the neck of a caribou.

I did not take in all these details in the first startling moments; one by one they came to me later. But I had never looked upon anything in life quite so magnificent. Yet did I have no thought of sparing that splendid life. Since that day, I have rested in camp with my head pillowed on the arm of a living grizzly that weighed a thousand pounds. Friendship and love and understanding have sprung up between us. But in that moment my desire was to destroy this life that was so much greater than my own. My rifle was at my saddle-horn in its buckskin jacket. I fumbled it in getting into action, and in those precious moments Thor lowered himself slowly and ambled away. I

fired twice, and would have staked my life that I had missed both times. Not until later did I discover that one of my bullets had opened a furrow two inches deep and a foot long in the flesh of Thor's shoulder. Yet I did not see him flinch. He did not turn back, but went his way.

Shame burns within me as I write of the days that followed; and yet, with that shame, there is a deep and abiding joy, for they were also the days of my regeneration. Day and night, my one thought was to destroy the big grizzly. We never left his trail. The dogs followed him like demons. Five times in the first week we came within long shooting-range, and twice we hit him. But still he did not wait for us or attack us. He wanted to be left alone. In that week, he killed four of the dogs, and the others we tied up to save them. We trailed him with horses and afoot, and never did the spoor of other game lure me aside. The desire to kill him became a passion in me. He out-generaled us. He beat all our games of trickery. But I knew that we were bound to win—that he was slowly weakening because of exhaustion, and the sickness of his wounds. We loosed the dogs again, and another was killed.

Then, at last, came that splendid day when Thor, master of the mountains, showed me how contemptible was I—with my human shape and soul.

It was Sunday. I had climbed three or four thousand feet up the side of a mountain and below me lay the wonder of the valley, dotted with patches of trees and carpeted with the beauty of rich, green grass, mountain-violets and forget-me-nots, wild asters, and hyacinths. On three sides of me spread out the wonderful panorama of the Canadian Rockies, softened in the golden sunshine of late June.

From up and down the valley, from the breaks between the peaks, and from the little gullies cleft in shale and rock that crept up to the snow-lines came a soft and droning

murmur. It was the music of running water—music ever in the air of summer, for the rivers and creeks and tiny streamlets gushing down from the melting snow up near the clouds are never still. Sweet perfumes as well as music came to me; June and July—the last of spring and the first of summer in the northern mountains—were commingling. All the earth was bursting with green; flowers were turning the sunny slopes and the meadows into colored splashes of red and white and purple, and everything that had life was giving voice to exultation—the fat whistlers on their rocks, the pompous little gophers on their mounds, the squirrel-like rock-rabbits, the big bumblebees that buzzed from flower to flower, the hawks in the valley, and the eagles over the peaks.

Earth, it seemed, was at peace.

And I, looking over all that vastness of life, felt my own greatness thrust upon me.

For, had not the Creator of all things made this wonderland for *me?*

I climbed higher up the mountain. I felt my greatness gone. Kindly, something had told me how pitiful I was. I was not mighty. I was no more in the ultimate of things than a blade of grass. My egoism, on that glorious Sunday, began to crumble in my soul. And then, by chance if you will have it so, came the climax of that day.

I came to a sheer wall of rock that rose hundreds of feet above me. Along this ran a narrow ledge, and I followed it. The passage became craggy and difficult, and in climbing over a broken mass of rock, I slipped and fell. I had brought a light mountain-gun with me, and in trying to recover myself I swung it about with such force that the stock struck a sharp edge of rock and broke clean off. But I had saved myself from possible death, and was in a frame of mind to congratulate myself rather than curse my luck.

Fifty feet farther on I came to a "pocket" in the cliff, where the ledge widened until, at this particular place, it was like a flat table twenty feet square. Here I sat down, with my back to the precipitous wall, and began to examine my broken rifle.

I laid it beside me, useless. Straight up at my back rose the sheer face of the mountain; in front of me, had I leaped from the ledge, my body would have hurtled through empty air for a thousand feet. In the valley I could see the creek, like a ribbon of shimmering silver; two or three miles away was a little lake; on another mountain I saw a bursting cascade of water leaping down the heights and losing itself in the velvety green of the lower timber. For many minutes, new and strange thoughts possessed me. I did not look through my hunting-glasses, for I was no longer seeking game. My blood was stirred, but not with the desire to kill.

And then, suddenly, there came a sound to my ears that seemed to stop the beating of my heart. I had not heard it until it was very near—approaching along the narrow ledge.

It was the click,—click,—click of claws rattling on rock!

I did not move. I hardly breathed. And out from the ledge I had followed came a monster bear!

With the swiftness of lightning, I recognized him. It was Thor! And, in that same instant, the great beast saw me.

In thirty seconds I lived a lifetime, and in those thirty seconds what passed through my mind was a thousand times swifter than spoken word. A great fear rooted me, and yet in that fear I saw everything to the minutest detail. Thor's massive head and shoulders were fronting me. I saw the long naked scar where my bullet had plowed through his shoulder; I saw another wound in his foreleg, still rag-

ged and painful, where another of my soft-nosed bullets had torn like an explosion of dynamite. The giant grizzly was no longer fat and sleek as I had first seen him ten days ago. All that time he had been fighting for his life; he was thinner; his eyes were red; his coat was dull and unkempt from lack of food and strength. But at that distance, less than ten feet from me, he seemed still a mighty brother of the mountains themselves. As I sat stupidly, stunned to the immobility of a rock in my hour of doom, I felt the overwhelming conviction of what had happened. Thor had followed me along the ledge, and, in this hour of vengeance and triumph, it was I, and not the great beast, who was about to die.

It seemed to me that an eternity passed in these moments. And Thor, mighty in his strength, looked at me and did not move. And this thing that he was looking at,—shrinking against the rock,—was the creature that had hunted him; this was the creature that had hurt him, and it was so near that he could reach out with his paw and crush it! And how weak and white and helpless it looked now! What a pitiful, insignificant thing it was! Where was its strange thunder? Where was its burning lightning? Why did it make no sound?

Slowly Thor's giant head began swinging from side to side; then he advanced—just one step—and in a slow, graceful movement reared himself to his full, magnificent height. For me, it was the beginning of the end. And in that moment, doomed as I was, I found no pity for myself. Here, at last, was justice! I was about to die. I, who had destroyed so much of life, found how helpless I was when I faced life with my naked hands. *And it was justice!* I had robbed the earth of more life than would fill the bodies of a thousand men, and now my own life was to follow that which I had destroyed. Suddenly fear left me. I wanted

to cry out to that splendid creature that I was sorry, and could my dry lips have framed the words, it would not have been cowardice—but truth.

I have read many stories of truth and hope and faith and charity. From a little boy, my father tried to teach me what it meant to be a gentleman, and he lived what he tried to teach. And from the days of my small boyhood, mother told me stories of great and good men and women, and in the days of my manhood, she faithfully lived the great truth that of all precious things charity and love are the most priceless. Yet had I accepted it all in the narrowest and littlest way. Not until this hour on the edge of the cliff did I realize how small can be the soul of a man buried in his egoism—or how splendid can be the soul of a beast.

For Thor knew me. That I know. He knew me as the deadliest of all his enemies on the face of the earth. Yet until I die will I believe that, in my helplessness, he no longer hated me or wanted my life. For slowly he came down upon all fours again, and, limping as he went, he continued along the ledge—*and left me to live!*

I returned down the mountain, carrying my broken gun with me. And everywhere I saw that things were different. The fat whistlers, big as woodchucks, were no longer so many targets, watching me cautiously from the rock-tops; the gophers, sunning themselves on their mounds, meant more to me now than a few hours ago. I looked off to a distant slide on another mountain and made out the half-dozen sheep I had studied through my glasses earlier in the day. But my desire to kill was gone. I did not realize the fullness of the change that was upon me then. In a dull sort of way, I accepted it as an effect of shock, perhaps as a passing moment of repentance and gratitude because of my escape. I did not tell myself that I would never kill

sheep again except when mutton was necessary to my campfire. I did not promise the whistlers long lives. And yet the change was on me, and growing stronger in my blood with every breath I drew. The valley was different. Its air was sweeter. Its low song of life and running waters and velvety winds whispering between the mountains was new inspiration to me. The grass was softer under my feet; the flowers were more beautiful; the earth itself held a new thrill for me.

STUDY NOTES

1. For study and discussion. 1. What does the author mean in paragraph 1, where he says, "We had struck a grizzly-and-caribou paradise"? 2. Can you discover any reason why he calls the bear "Thor"? 3. Can you get a clear picture in your imagination of how Thor looked and of the sounds he made? 4. Are grizzly bears usually dangerous when not cornered or attacked? 5. How do dogs usually attack a bear, and how does a bear defend himself against them? 6. How much can you see in your imagination and describe of the scene that spread out before the writer on the Sunday morning when he climbed the mountain and met Thor? 7. Can you explain why it is that a great towering mountain, the ocean, or a waterfall like Niagara makes one feel insignificant and small? 8. Make your imagination picture the scene where the hunter finally confronted the bear, and then describe the meeting of the two. 9. Do you think it would have been a good plan for the hunter to run when he found he was confronted by the bear? 10. Where the author says, "Thor knew me" does he mean that Thor knew he was the hunter who had been pursuing and wounding him, or that Thor only knew him for an enemy? 11. Do you think Thor's behavior was that which might ordinarily be expected of a bear under the circumstances? 12. What do you think about the killing of wild animals as a sport or for pleasure?

For oral or written themes. 1. The tightest place I was ever in. 2. Peculiar behavior I have observed in wild animals. 3. What I think about hunting for sport.

Library readings. Ernest Thompson Seton: *The Biography of a Grizzly; Krog and Johnny Bear; Monarch, The Big Bear;* "Little Boy Grizzly," from *The Spell of the Rockies,* by Enos Mills.

THE OUTLAW HORSE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

The day of great herds of bison and of wild horses roaming the uncharted western plains is past. The day of the ranch has succeeded, where thousands of head of cattle and horses are to be found, either in pastures so large that they seem endless, or left free to feed at will within limits set by mounted patrols of cowboys and horsemen. This selection is the story of a remarkable horse reared on a western ranch.

I

FIVE years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black—coal black and bright bay—so they called him Coaly-Bay.

"Coaly-Bay" sounds like "Kolibey," which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense; just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature, in his frame, his power, and his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs; when he was careering with the herd of colts, if they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay-yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving

storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the horse herd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a "Quit-the-bunch"—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free, and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that seemed to stand between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on, he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won him lashings and spurrings, so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before.

Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming, but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no signs of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put up a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right, so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle; Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, but

finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking; he stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head, so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw"—that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night as the moon was brightly shining they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horse herd, and when the men came near him he had—oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbor, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth—a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE

First-class horse, sound and gentle, $10.00

II

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear-hunting except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So, seeing the sign, the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there, ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape.

"Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait," and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before, and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off that he took, was Panther Gap.

The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp.

"Aren't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer. Then as the tossing head was disappearing I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!"

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp—to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-Bay; he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind him felt safe in that.

Farther away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle. Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty —yes, of horse perfection.

The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss—and the marksman *missed.*

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away; the pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave

place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him, and ever on, tireless, as it seemed, he went, and crossed the canyon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not, and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured—he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain his place was in the herd as one who after many a long hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is that flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the storm-wind smites his glossy coat at night and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved—the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spur-galls gone from

his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forebears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle—yes, too, the driving sandstorm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

STUDY NOTES

Pictures for the imagination. The story will have much more of reality and interest if the striking pictures suggested come sharp and clear. 1. The picture of Coaly-Bay, both as colt and horse; color, size, movement. 2. The plunging and bucking as Coaly-Bay was broken to ride. 3. The ranch horse and the corral. 4. The hunting party and the cavalcade headed into the mountains; the men on horseback; the packhorses driven along the winding mountain trail; the peaks above, the valley below. 5. The instant when the shot was fired, and the race for freedom which followed. 6. Coaly-Bay in his new home after his escape. 7. Other such pictures discovered by the reader.

For study and discussion. 1. What do you know or what can you find out about the way range horses are caught; the way they are saddled; the way they are broken to ride? 2. What examples do you know of animals that "make believe" for their own protection or advantage? 3. Why was it thought that Coaly-Bay must be of Arabian blood? 4. Compare the admiration of the author for the horse with the attitude of his different owners. 5. Can you explain why in spite of his viciousness our sympathy seems to be with Coaly-Bay? 6. Do you think that animals, such as dogs and horses, have individuality, as much as persons?

Silent reading test. Test number *one*: There are three fairly distinct parts to the story; (1) a description of the wild beauty and the horse's acts up to the time the hunting party comes along; (2) he is bought as bear bait and driven into the mountains; (3) tired of his pranks the hunters fire the shot meant to be fatal, but Coaly-Bay's end is not yet. Tell the story contained in each of these parts.

Test number *two*: Score yourself on your ability to answer these points: 1. Where the scene of this story is laid. 2. A description of Coaly-Bay. 3. An account of the different ownerships and the price paid for the horse. 4. The various attempts at riding Coaly-Bay which resulted disasterously. 5. The method that is sometimes employed for providing bear bait. 6. How the horse tried to escape from the hunters

and was blocked. 7. What the horse did immediately after the shot was fired. 8. An account of Coaly-Bay's joining the new herd.

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary: foal; vestige; bucking; hobbling; limpid; corral; caracoled; harry; indomitable.

Phrases for study. "Possessed of a demon"; "high divide"; "Chaldean plain"; "claim his toll"; "spurned Arabian plains."

For theme writing. 1. My favorite horse from poem or story. 2. What animal among those domesticated by man possesses the highest intelligence?

Library or home reading. Books by Ernest Thompson Seton: *Wild Animals I Have Known*; *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*; *Animal Heroes*; *Biography of a Silver Fox*; *Wild Animals at Home*; *Wild Animals' Ways*; *Woodcraft Boys*; *Woodcraft Girls.*

The author. Ernest Thompson Seton is one of the greatest of American naturalists and writers upon animals and their ways. He was born in England in 1860 and now lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. Besides the books listed just above he has written many other stories about animals, besides various scientific works. Let members of the class study his life and give two-minute talks about him.

Men are brethren of each other,
 One in flesh and one in food;
And a sort of foster brother
 Is the litter, or the brood,
Of that folk in fur or feather,
 Who, with men together,
Breast the wind and weather.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



PLANT LIFE

COLOR IN THE WHEAT

HAMLIN GARLAND

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
 A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
 With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
 That play in the golden hair of a girl,—
 A ripple of amber—a flare
 Of light sweeping after—a curl
 In the hollows like swirling feet
 Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
 To the western sun
 Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,
 Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
 Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
 The slow hawk stoops
 To his prey in the deeps;
 The sunflower droops
 To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps—
 Then swirling in dazzling links and loops,
 A riot of shadow and shine,
 A glory of olive and amber and wine,
 To the westering sun the colors run
 Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My western land,
Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells, I stand,
And cross your sod-lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers; once again
The evening splendor floods the plain,
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The colors run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!

STUDY NOTES

Pictures in the poem. This poem makes an especial appeal to the imagination, without which it will lose much of its meaning and most of its beauty. 1. First the color, not even and uniform, but a combination of "yellow and russet and green"; can you see it as it "ripples and runs" before the breeze—and see the "ripple of amber" and the "flare of light" which follow? 2. A *simile* is a figure of speech in which one thing is compared to another thing which it resembles. The first stanza uses two striking similes: one the colors and light playing in the wheat like colors and light in the hair of a girl; the other, the movement of the grain in the breeze, "like swirling feet" Can you see the pictures and discover why the writer thought of the simile? 3. What pictures do you get from the second stanza—pictures of objects, colors, action? 4. What pictures do you get from the third stanza?

For class reading. Each member select and prepare to read in class a favorite nature poem, calling attention to its imagery.

The author. Hamlin Garland (1860-) is a distinguished American writer of both prose and poetry. His tales of western life are widely read. The following stories are full of interest for boys and girls: *Boy Life on the Prairie*; *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*; *A Son of the Middle Border*; *A Daughter of the Middle Border*.

DAFFODILS

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,—
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee,—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

STUDY NOTES

Pictures and their meanings. This is another poem which presents especially clear pictures to the imagination. Before one can have an accurate mental picture one must first have known the object itself, or at least similar objects. 1. Have you seen daffodils? What color are they? What is the appearance of the flower? Can you bring to class a daffodil or a picture of one? 2. What is the first picture suggested by the poem? 3. What picture comes to your mind from lines 3-12? 4. Which picture is clearer to you, the daffodils or the bay? 5. Read the lines that tell how Wordsworth prizes his own mental pictures of the daffodils. 6. Do you think it is worth while to cultivate the power of clear picturing in the mind? How can this power be cultivated? 7. Which poem do you like the better, *Daffodils* or *Color in the Wheat?* Can you tell why? 8. In the notes for *Color in the Wheat* a definition of a *simile* was given. Can you find a simile in this poem?

The author. William Wordsworth (1770-1850), an English writer, has been called "The poet of nature and of man." His love for nature is expressed in the lines,

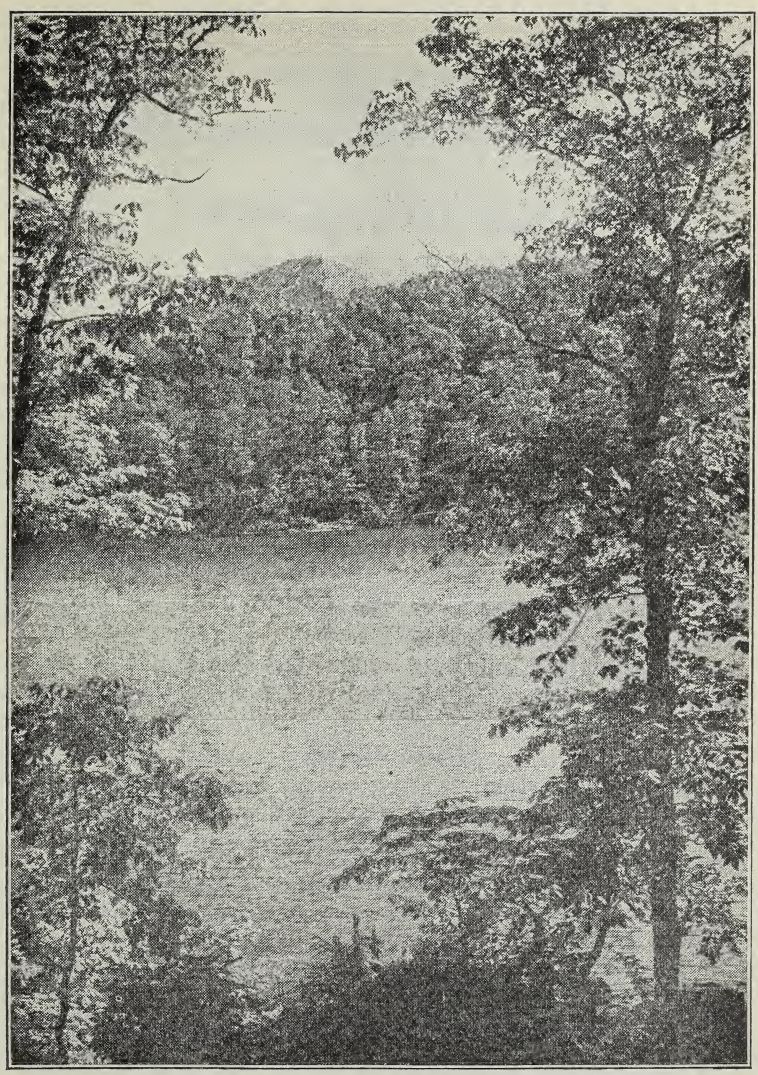
> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Among his writings are *The Excursion, Peter Bell, Ode on the Imitations of Immortality.*

The silver birch is a dainty lady,
She wears a satin gown;
The elm tree makes the old church shady,
She will not live in town.

The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's pretty,
The poplar's gentle, and tall,
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city—
I love him best of all.

E. Nesbit.



Nature in a Quiet Mood

THE VESPERS OF A TREE

William L. Stidger

At evening time along the sea
I like to watch an ancient tree,
Where gently at the close of day
It bows its leafy head to pray.

This is the Vesper Hour of trees;
 There is an Angelus that rings
With sweetest music through the leaves—
 An evening wind that softly sings.

Stand all alone and silently,
In mood of prayer and reverently,
And you shall see that gray old tree
At Vespers bowing wistfully.

You'll hear a whisper soft and low,
 As of One speaking tenderly,
And in the wandering winds that blow
 You'll hear God talking to that tree.

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts from the poem. 1. Have you any reason for thinking that the author is a lover of nature? 2. The author fancifully represents the tree as a person. What kind of a personality do you think this tree has? Do you see a picture of the tree in your mind? 3. Do you think that trees have individuality as much as persons? 4. How would you characterize an oak tree? A maple tree? A pine tree? 5. Explain "Vesper Hour"; "Angelus." 6. Why does the word "One" in the third line from the close begin with a capital letter? 7. Note the quiet and reverent tone of the poem, as if the author did not want to disturb the tree at its vespers.

The author. William L. Stidger is a clergyman and author whose home is in Detroit. From his experiences in France during the World War he wrote *Star Dust from the Dugouts.* Others of his books are *Outdoor Men and Minds*; *Flash Lights of the Seven Seas.*



WINGED THINGS

CHASING A LOON

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

The author of this selection, a New England naturalist, lived in the woods on the shore of Walden pond, where he had a house which he built himself and which he said cost him $28.12½. Here he studied nature, observing the wild life of the woods, in his pond and near-by streams, and writing articles and books. The loon of which he writes in this story, is a web-footed diving bird, characterized by the wild laughing sounds which it makes.

IN THE fall the loon (Colymbus glacialis) came, as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mildam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early

in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuvre, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days, especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He manoeuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite

side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unwearable, that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout,—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the splash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly, and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a waterfowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any

bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. To enter fully into this story one must picture an autumn wood with a large pond spreading before him. 1. What different wild fowl would probably be flying over the pond or alighting in it at this time of year in New England? 2. Describe the picture of the hunters which you have before your mind. 3. Can you see in your mind's eye the hunter out in his boat, the loon diving and coming up again? 4. Can you imagine the wild laughter of which Thoreau speaks? 5. Do you think the loon was directed in his diving and escaping his pursuer by intelligence or by instinct? Look the word "instinct" up in the dictionary. 6. What do you conclude from this story of the author's power of observation and his skill in description? 7. Do you think it would be a good idea for people to train themselves to find satisfaction in observing wild life rather than in hunting it to slay?

Class reading. Different members of the class read short selections from *Walden* or some other of Thoreau's writings.

Word study. Find the following words in the Glossary and note their use in the text; moult; omnipresent; manœuvre; divine; reconnoitre; demoniac.

The author. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) graduated from Harvard, taught a few terms of school, and finally went off into the woods to live alone and to observe and write about nature. His principal volumes are: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*; *Walden, or Life in the Woods*; *Excursions in Field and Forest.*

The catbird caroled in the bush
The sweetest sound to hear;
No bobolink or fluting thrush
Could sing so loud and clear.

I heard the catbird sing again;
A harsh, unhappy note,
That sounded like a soul in pain,
Come from his little throat.

"O naughty bird!" I cried in jest,
"Why make that peevish mew?
Why not be always at your best?"
"Are you?" he mocked, "Are ye-o-u?"

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Glad that I live am I,
That the sky is blue,
Glad for the country lanes
And the fall of dew.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

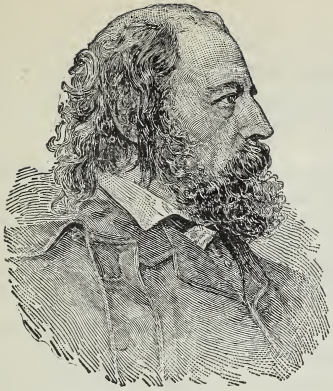
"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. 1. What kind of mood or state of mind do you think this poem suggests? 2. Why do you think the author calls the throstle a poet? 3. Do you know by what other name the throstle is sometimes known? 4. There are four passages enclosed in quotation marks in the poem. Why are the quotation marks used? 5. Can you imitate the song of the throstle? Can you hear the song in your mind's ear?

Class reading. Other short selections on birds chosen and read aloud by members of the class.



The author. Alfred Tennyson, one of the world's greatest poets, was born in England in 1809 and died in 1892. He was poet laureate and wrote a number of patriotic poems. Among the best known of his writings are the old romances about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Let members of the class consult the cyclopedia and be prepared to give two-minute talks on Tennyson's life.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The story is told that on a late autumn afternoon, when the author was barely twenty-one years old, he started to walk from his home to a neighboring city, where he was about to begin the practise of law. He had been uncertain what occupation he should follow. His ambition led him to be a poet, but the writing of poetry would not make him a living. He wished to be an editor, but there was no one employing editors. He was not enthusiastic about taking up the practise of law, and was feeling lonely and forlorn. As he strolled along his way he saw flying toward the north a solitary wild fowl, "lone wandering, but not lost." The youthful poet took the lesson to himself and was cheered and comforted. When he reached his new abode that night he wrote *To a Waterfowl.*

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. Lyrical poetry is poetry suitable to be sung; literally "suitable to be sung to the lyre." Much of lyrical poetry uses nature for its theme. *To a Waterfowl* is a good example of a lyrical poem. It contains deep feeling and teaches an important lesson.

For study and discussion. 1. Bring before your mind the picture of the young man plodding along his way, and watch him as his eye marks the flight of the solitary fowl. 2. How does the poet tell us in the appearance of the sky the time of day when the incident occurred? 3. What question did he ask of the fowl in his thought? 4. What verse expresses the central lesson of the poem and at the same time tells of the author's deep religious faith? 5. What other verse teaches almost the same lesson and expresses the same faith? 6. Put into your own words the central thought of the poem as you understand it. 7. Explain why the thoughts that came to Bryant on seeing the fowl gave him so much comfort and satisfaction. 8. What verse expresses the thought that though the bird

may be lone and wandering now it will at last find its way safe to the end of its journey? 9. Do you think Bryant compared his own life with the flight of the bird? 10. Do you know of any reference in the Bible which speaks of a divine care that extends even to birds, and which Bryant may have thought of on this occasion?

Class reading. Members of the class select several short lyrical poems and read them aloud to the class.

Phrases for study. "Solitary way"; "plashy brink"; "chafed ocean-side"; "teaches thy way"; "thin atmosphere"; "abyss of heaven"; "zone to zone"; "certain flight."

The author. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) has been called the first great American poet. His home was in Cummington, Massachusetts, where he was educated in the district schools. He studied law but soon gave up its practise to devote himself to literary work. In addition to writing poetry he became editor of *The New York Evening Post.* His long life was full of happy work and of usefulness, and he died one of the best loved Americans.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



THE ELEMENTS

A DRY GALE

RICHARD HENRY DANA

Young or old, nearly every one delights in sea stories. One of the most famous sea stories ever written is *Two Years before the Mast*, by Richard Henry Dana. As a matter of fact it is not a "story" in the usual sense of the term, but an actual account of a remarkable voyage taken by young Dana when he was nineteen years of age. He shipped from Boston in a merchant sailing vessel, doubled Cape Horn, spent many months on the Pacific, experienced wonderful adventures, and reached home almost exactly two years from the time he sailed. This book, from which the following sketch was taken, has not only been widely read in English, but is translated into a number of foreign languages. A great pleasure awaits the boys and girls who have not yet read it.

WE HAD been below but a short time before we had the usual premonitions of a coming gale,—seas washing over the whole forward part of the vessel, and her bows beating against them with a force and sound like the driving of piles. The watch, too, seemed very busy trampling about decks and singing out at the ropes. A sailor can tell by the sound what sail is coming in; and in a short time we heard the top-gallant sails come in, one after another, and then the flying jib.

This seemed to ease her a good deal, and we were fast going off to the land of Nod, when—bang, bang, bang on the scuttle, and "All hands, reef topsails, ahoy!" started us out of our berths, and it not being very cold weather, we had nothing extra to put on, and were soon on deck. I

shall never forget the fineness of the sight. It was a clear and rather a chilly night; the stars were twinkling with an intense brightness, and as far as the eye could reach there was not a cloud to be seen. The horizon met the sea in a defined line. A painter could not have painted so clear a sky. There was not a speck upon it. Yet it was blowing great guns from the northwest. When you can see a cloud to windward, you feel that there is a place for the wind to come from; but here it seemed to come from nowhere. No person could have told from the heavens, by their eyesight alone, that it was not a still summer's night.

One reef after another we took in the topsails, and before we could get them hoisted up we heard a sound like a short quick rattling of thunder, and the jib was blown to atoms out of the bolt-rope. We got the topsails set, and the fragments of the jib stowed away, and the foretopmast staysail set in its place, when the great mainsail gaped open, and the sail ripped from head to foot. "Lay up on that main yard and furl the sail, before it blows to tatters!" shouted the captain; and in a moment we were up, gathering the remains of it upon the yard. We got it wrapped round the yard, and passed gaskets over it as snugly as possible, and were just on deck again, when with another loud rent, which was heard throughout the ship, the foretopsail, which had been double-reefed, split in two athwartships, just below the reef-band, from earing to earing. Here again it was—down yard, haul out reef-tackles, and lay out upon the yard for reefing. By hauling the reef-tackles chock-a-block we took the strain from the other earings, and passing the close-reef earing, and knotting the points carefully, we succeeded in setting the sail, close reefed.

We had but just got the rigging coiled up, and were waiting to hear "Go below the watch!" when the main royal

worked loose from the gaskets, and blew directly out to leeward, flapping and shaking the mast like a wand. Here was a job for somebody. The royal must come in or be cut adrift, or the mast would be snapped short off. All the light hands in the starboard watch were sent up one after another, but they could do nothing with it. At length John, the tall Frenchman, the head of the starboard watch (and a better sailor never stepped upon a deck), sprang aloft, and by the help of his long arms and legs succeeded after a hard struggle,—the sail blowing over the yard-arm to leeward, and the skysail adrift directly over his head,—in smothering it and frapping it with long pieces of sinnet. He came very near being blown or shaken from the yard several times, but he was a true sailor, every finger a fish-hook. Having made the sail snug, he prepared to send the yard down, which was a long and difficult job; for frequently he was obliged to stop and hold on with all his might for several minutes, the ship pitching so as to make it impossible to do anything else at that height.

The yard at length came down safe, and after it the fore and mizzen royal yards were sent down. All hands were then sent aloft, and for an hour or two we were hard at work, making the booms well fast, unreeving the studding sail and royal and skysail gear, getting rolling-ropes on the yard, setting up the weather breast-backstays, and making other preparations for a storm.

It was a fine night for a gale, just cool and bracing enough for quick work, without being cold, and as bright as day. It was sport to have a gale in such weather as this. Yet it blew like a hurricane. The wind seemed to come with a spite, and edge to it, which threatened to scrape us off the yards. The force of the wind was greater than I had ever felt it before; but darkness, cold, and wet are the worst parts of a storm to a sailor.

Having got on deck again, we looked round to see what time of night it was, and whose watch. In a few minutes the man at the wheel struck four bells, and we found that the other watch was out and our own half out. Accordingly the starboard watch went below, and left the ship to us for a couple of hours, yet with orders to stand by for a call.

Hardly had they got below before away went the fore-topmast staysail, blown to ribands. This was a small sail, which we could manage in the watch, so that we were not obliged to call up the other watch. We laid upon the bowsprit, where we were under water half the time, and took in the fragments of the sail; and as she must have some headsail on her, prepared to bend another staysail. We got the new one out into the nettings; seized on the tack, sheets, and halyards, and the hanks; manned the halyards, cut adrift the frapping-lines, and hoisted away; but before it was half-way up the stay it was blown all to pieces. When we belayed the halyards, there was nothing left but the bolt-rope. Now large eyes began to show themselves in the foresail; and knowing that it must soon go, the mate ordered us upon the yard to furl it. Being unwilling to call up the watch, who had been on deck all night, he roused out the carpenter, sailmaker, cook, and steward, and with their help we manned the foreyard, and after nearly half an hour's struggle, mastered the sail and got it well furled round the yard.

The force of the wind had never been greater than at this moment. In going up the rigging it seemed absolutely to pin us down to the shrouds; and on the yard there was no such thing as turning a face to windward. Yet there was no driving sleet and darkness and wet and cold as off Cape Horn; and instead of stiff oilcloth suits, southwester caps, and thick boots, we had on hats, round jackets, duck

trousers, light shoes, and everything light and easy. These things make a great difference to a sailor.

When we got on deck the man at the wheel struck eight bells (four o'clock in the morning), and "All star-bowlines, ahoy!" brought the other watch up, but there was no going below for us. The gale was now at its height, "blowing like scissors and thumb-screws"; the captain was on deck; the ship, which was light, rolling and pitching as though she would shake the long sticks out of her, and the sails were gaping open and splitting in every direction. The mizzen-topsail, which was a comparatively new sail and close reefed, split from head to foot in the bunt; the fore-topsail went in one rent from clew to earing, and was blowing to tatters; one of the chain bobstays parted; the sprit-sailyard sprung in the slings, the martingale had slued away off to leeward; and owing to the long dry weather the lee rigging hung in large bights at every lurch. One of the main-topgallant shrouds had parted; and to crown all, the galley had gone adrift and gone over to leeward, and the anchor on the lee bow had worked loose and was thumping the side. Here was work enough for all hands for half a day. Our gang laid out on the mizzen-topsail-yard, and after more than half an hour's hard work furled the sail, though it bellied out over our heads, and again, by a slat of the wind, blew in under the yard with a fearful jerk and almost threw us off from the foot-ropes.

Double gaskets were passed round the yards, rolling tackles and other gear bowsed taut, and everything made as secure as it could be. Coming down, we found the rest of the crew just coming down the fore rigging, having furled the tattered topsail, or rather, swathed it round the yard, which looked like a broken limb bandaged. There was no sail now on the ship but the spanker and the close-reefed main-topsail, which still held good. But this was

too much after-sail, and order was given to furl the spanker. The brails were hauled up, and all the light hands in the starboard watch sent out on the gaff to pass the gaskets; but they could do nothing with it. The second mate swore at them for a parcel of "sogers," and sent up a couple of the best men; but they could do no better, and the gaff was lowered down.

All hands were now employed in setting up the lee rigging, fishing the spritsail yard, lashing the galley, and getting tackles upon the martingale, to bowse it to windward. Being in the larboard watch, my duty was forward, to assist in setting up the martingale. Three of us were out on the martingale guys and back-ropes for more than half an hour, carrying out, hooking, and unhooking the tackles, several times buried in the seas, until the mate ordered us in from fear of our being washed off. The anchors were then to be taken up on the rail, which kept all hands on the forecastle for an hour, though every now and then the seas broke over it, washing the rigging off to leeward, filling the lee scuppers breast-high, and washing chock aft to the taffrail.

Having got everything secure again, we were promising ourselves some breakfast, for it was now nearly nine o'clock in the forenoon, when the main-topsail showed evident signs of giving way. Some sail must be kept on the ship, and the captain ordered the fore and main spencer gaffs to be lowered down, and the two spencers (which were storm sails, brand new, small, and made of the strongest canvas) to be got up and bent; leaving the main-topsail to blow away, with a blessing on it, if it would only last until we could set the spencers. These we bent on very carefully, with strong robands and seizings, and making tackles fast to the clews, bowsed them down to the water-ways. By this time the main-topsail was among the things that have

been, and we went aloft to stow away the remnant of the last sail of all those which were on the ship twenty-four hours before. The spencers were now the only whole sails on the ship, and being strong and small, and near the deck, presenting but little surface to the wind above the rail, promised to hold out well. Hove-to under these, and eased by having no sail above the tops, the ship rose and fell, and drifted off to leeward like a line-of-battle ship.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the watch was sent below to get breakfast, and at eight bells (noon), as everything was snug, although the gale had not in the least abated, the watch was set and the other watch and idlers sent below.

For three days and three nights the gale continued with unabated fury, and with singular regularity. There were no lulls, and very little variation in its fierceness. Our ship, being light, rolled so as almost to send the fore yard-arm under water, and drifted off bodily to leeward. All this time there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, day or night; no, not so large as a man's hand. Every morning the sun rose cloudless from the sea, and set again at night in the sea in a flood of light. The stars, too, came out of the blue one after another, night after night, unobscured, and twinkled as clear as on a still frosty night at home, until the day came upon them. All this time the sea was rolling in immense surges, white with foam, as far as the eye could reach, on every side; for we were now leagues and leagues from shore.

STUDY NOTES

This selection contains a great many nautical terms, not every one of which need be looked up in order to understand and enjoy the story.

For study and discussion. 1. Are sailing boats still used in commerce? 2. Make a list of the various kinds of sails mentioned. Then find a pic-

ture of a ship with all sails set, and with the help of the dictionary locate the sails referred to in the story. 3. Which do you think would be more difficult, life on an old type of sailing vessel or on a modern ship? 4. Which would have more adventure? 5. Can you picture the effects of the gale; the tug of the wind; its whistle and roar; the tossing of the ship; the flapping of the sails; the efforts of the sailors to save the ship; the sense of relief when the wind died down?

For written or oral theme. 1. The trip I would take if I could have my choice. 2. My experiences in a storm.

Class reading. Other selections from *Two Years before the Mast.*

Library reference work. Consult the librarian and make a list of ten famous sea stories suitable for boys and girls.

Library reading. Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*; Conrad's *Youth, and Other Tales.*

One ship goes east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow.
'T is the set of the sail, and not the gale,
That determines the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we voyage along through life.
'T is the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

Rebecca R. Williams.

LOST IN A BLIZZARD

HERBERT QUICK

One of the very real dangers met by the pioneers of the new West was the blizzards which swept over the unprotected prairies. Many tales of stirring adventure have their setting in connection with these great storms. This remarkable description of an Iowa blizzard of fifty years ago is taken from Herbert Quick's interesting pioneer story, *Vandemark's Folly.*

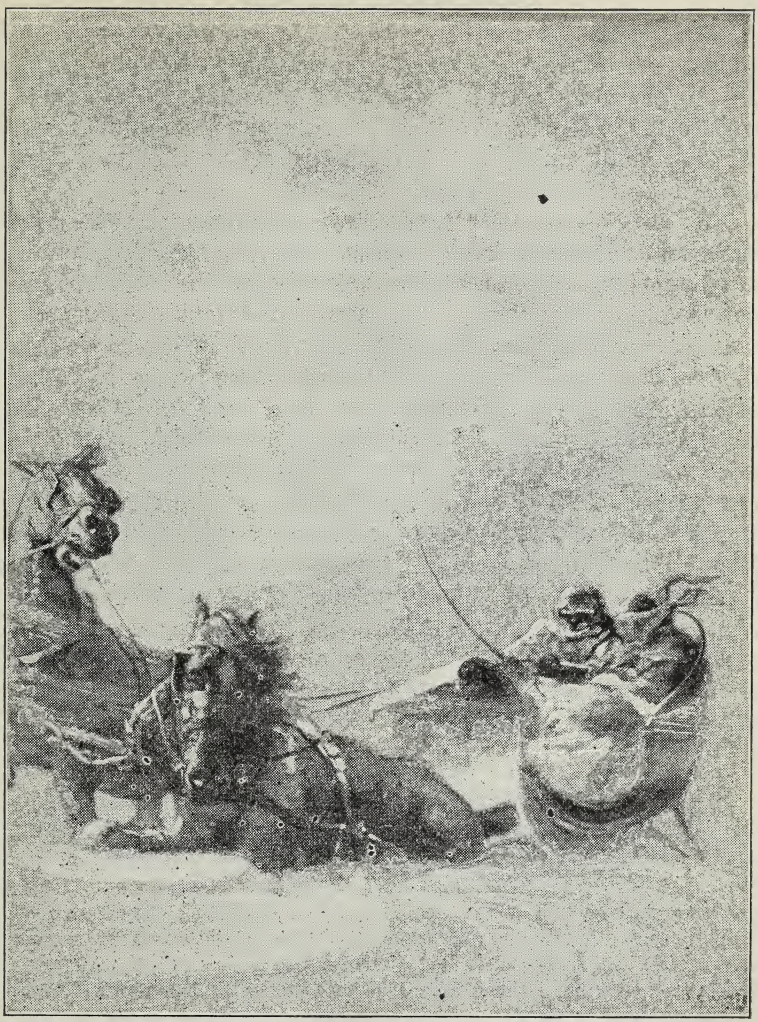
EVEN to the strongest man, there was terror in this storm, the breath of which came with a roar and struck with a shiver, as the trees creaked and groaned, and the paths and roads were obliterated. As the tumult grows, hills are leveled, and hollows rise into hills. Every shed-roof is the edge of an oblique Niagara of snow; every angle the center of a whirlpool. If you are caught out in it, the Spirit of the Storm flies at you and loads your eyebrows and eyelashes and hair and beard with icicles and snow. As you look out into the white, the light through your bloodshot eyelids turns everything crimson. Your feet lag, as the feathery whiteness comes almost to your knees. Your breath comes choked as with water. If you are out far away from shelter, God help you! You struggle along for a time, all the while fearing to believe that the storm which did not seem so very dangerous, is growing more violent, and that the daylight, which you thought would last for hours yet, seems to be fading, and that night appears to be setting in earlier than usual. It is! For there are two miles of snow between you and the sun. But in a swiftly moving maze of snow, partly spit out of the lowering clouds, and partly torn and swept from the gray and cloud-like earth, in a roar of rising wind,

and oppressed by growing anxiety, you stubbornly press on.

Night shuts down darker. You can not tell, when you try to look about you, what is sky and what is earth; for all is storm. You feel more and more tired. All at once, you find that the wind which was at your side a while ago, as you kept beating into it on your course toward help and shelter, is now at your back. Has the wind changed? No; it will blow for hours from the same quarter—perhaps for days! No; you have changed your course, and are beating off with the storm! This will never do; you rally, and again turn your cheek to the cutting blast: but you know that you are off your path; yet you wonder if you may not be going right—if the wind *has* changed; or if you have not turned to the left when you should have turned to the right.

Loneliness, anxiety, weariness, uncertainty. An awful sense of helplessness takes possession of you. If it were daylight, you could pass around the deep drifts, even in this chaos; but now a drift looks the same as the prairie grass swept bare. You plunge headlong into it, flounder through it, creeping on hands and knees, with your face sometimes buried in the snow, get on your feet again, and struggle on.

You know that the snow, finer than flour, is beating through your clothing. You are chilled, and shiver. Sometimes you stop for a while and with your hands over your eyes stand stooped with your back to the wind. You try to stamp your feet to warm them, but the snow, soft and yielding, forbids this. You are so tired that you stop to rest in the midst of a great drift—you turn your face from the driving storm and wait. It seems so much easier than stumbling wearily on. Then comes the inrushing consciousness that to rest thus is to die. You rush on in a frenzy. You have long since ceased to think of what is your proper course,—you only know that you must struggle on. You attempt to



That Fearful Moving Flood of Wind and Frost and Snow

shout;—ah, it seems so faint and distant even to yourself! No one else could hear it a rod in this raging, howling, shrieking storm, in which awful sounds come out of the air itself, and not alone from the things against which it beats. And there is no one else to hear.

You gaze about with snow-smitten eyeballs for some possible light from a friendly window. Why, the sun itself could not pierce this moving earth-cloud of snow! Your feet are not so cold as they were. You can not feel them as you walk. You come to a hollow filled with soft snow. Perhaps there is the bed of a stream deep down below. You plunge into this hollow, and as you fall, turn your face from the storm. A strange delicious sense of warmth and drowsiness steals over you; you sink lower, and feel the cold soft whiteness sifting over neck and cheek and forehead; but you do not care. The struggle is over; and—in the morning the sun glints coldly over a new landscape of gently undulating alabaster. Yonder is a little hillock which marks the place where the blizzard overtook its prey. Sometime, when the warm March winds have thawed the snow, some gaunt wolf will snuff about the spot, and send up the long howl that calls the pack to the banquet.

STUDY NOTES

Mental pictures and their meaning. To read this fine bit of description one should one's self have been caught in a blizzard—or at least be familiar with great winter storms of snow. Whether you have had this experience or not, try to get the "feel" of this particular storm. 1. Can you hear the roar and shriek; feel the chill of the blast; see the driving sheet of snow; sense the weariness that comes from plunging through deep drifts; understand the fear of being lost in the storm wilderness; realize the creeping languor and insensibility which mean death from exhaustion and freezing? 2. What pictures are clearest of all to you? 3. What part of the description do you like best? 4. Why are blizzards less dangerous now than they were fifty years ago?

Story telling and discussion hour. 1. The worst storm I have ever

known. 2. What to do if caught in a blizzard. 3. Stories I have heard of great storms. 4. The best storm story I have ever read.

The author. Herbert Quick was born in Iowa in 1861 and now lives in West Virginia. He grew up on a farm, became a school-teacher, then a lawyer and then an editor and author. Among his books are, *In the Fairyland of America*; *Yellowstone Nights*; *On Board the Good Ship Earth*; *From War to Peace*.

Class reading. "In a Mountain Blizzard," from *The Spell of the Rockies*, by Enos Mills.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be what it will.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one—
Full of fancy—full of folly—
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

And the South Wind—he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
That floated, flapped and fluttered
In a riotous unrest,
And a drapery of mist
From the shoulder and the wrist
Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistle-down,
And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown;
And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,
And blew and blew and blew!
And the Sun's—like diamond-stone—
Brighter yet than ever known,
As he knit his brows and held his breath,
And shone and shone and shone!

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days;
Arm-in-arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze—
Over slanting slopes of lawn
They went on and on and on,
When the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

—*Abridged.*

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. This poem uses the figure of speech called *personification.* In it two inanimate objects, the South Wind and the Sun, are referred to as Persons, with all the qualities that belong to human nature. 1. What are the South Wind and the Sun first likened to? 2. Stop to get the picture of the South Wind in the second stanza; then add to this the picture from the fourth stanza. 3. Compare your mental picture of the South Wind with that of the Sun. 4. What other pictures come most clearly to your mind? 5. What kind of person does the poet make of each of the characters he creates for his story? Are they likable? Jolly?



TIMES AND SEASONS

DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Did you ever stop to think that there are many things all about us that we never see or hear simply because we do not notice them or think about them? Perhaps few of us could see the coming of the morning as the poet saw it, and as he tells about it in these lines.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

STUDY NOTES

Pictures for the mind. After reading the poem through go over it again line by line, stopping to realize the pictures. 1. The lark soaring in the sky, and his song. 2. The thrush. 3. The darting swallow. 4. The milkmaid singing. 5. The swish of the scythe in the wet grass—and so on picture by picture. 6. Which picture is clearest of all?

The author. Prepare to give a sketch of Shelley's life.

MORNING

JOHN KEATS

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. This poem, like the one preceding, draws a picture of the coming of day. Morning is *personified* (thought of as a person). 1. Have you awakened early enough to see the first flush of light fall on some green slope? Can you see (and feel) the picture the poet draws? 2. Count out all the pictures you find suggested in the poem. 3. Which do you like best? 4. Do you think Keats has helped you see more beauty in the morning? 5. Find the meaning of: orient; rill; marge; lowers. Be sure you can pronounce "lowers."

The author. Consult the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a brief sketch of the life of John Keats.

DAWN

EDWARD EVERETT

I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to

kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

STUDY NOTES

Mental pictures. Tnis selection has been called one of the most beautiful bits of word painting in our language. In order to appreciate it one must see the picture in his mind as the writer saw it with his eyes. 1. Stop to realize the feeling of the darkness and "hushed silence" of the hour just before dawn. 2. See the clear sky, feel the quiet cool of the air, note the stars overhead. 3. Jupiter is the largest planet of our solar system; can you see it part way up from the horizon? 4. Can you locate in your mind's eye the other stars mentioned? 5. Read the third paragraph and stop for the pictures. 6. Do the same for the fourth paragraph.

Phrases and word study. The *Pleiades* (plē yȧ dēz) are a group of seven stars in the constellation Taures. *Lyra* (Lī′ rȧ) and *Andromeda* (An drŏm′ e dȧ) are two bright stars in the northern heavens. The *Pointers* are the two stars in the great dipper in line with the polar star. The *Magians* were Persian sun-and fire-worshipers. *Blue Hills*, a group of low hills southwest of Boston.

The author. Consult the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a sketch of the life of Edward Everett.

NIGHT

ROBERT SOUTHEY

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of Heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

STUDY NOTES

This little poem can not well be read when you are in a hurry. Give it time. Stop to see the pictures. Think of nights you have seen. Compare this night with the one Lowell describes in *The Courtin'*. Perhaps you have read Stewart Edward White's *Arizona Nights*; if so you will have another basis of comparison.

The author. With the help of the cyclopedia be prepared to give a sketch of Robert Southey in class.

The night has a thousand eyes
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

Browning, whose home was in England, wrote this poem while in Italy, where he and his wife lived for many years.

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. 1. What are evidently among the first signs of spring in England? 2. What words make one think that the writer

was longing for a sight of his home land? 3. Is there anything in the poem that tells you whether spring comes slowly or suddenly in England? 4. What forms of life belong to May in England? 5. What pictures come most clearly to your mind as you read the poem? 6. In what ways do you think such poems help us to see more of beauty in the world? 7. Suppose that you, like Rip Van Winkle, had suddenly awakened from a long sleep and did not know even the season of the year; by what signs would you know if it were May in your own region? June? July? August? September?

Words and phrases. What new words do you find? What striking phrases? List them in your note-book and learn their meanings.

The author. Be prepared to give a two-minute talk on Browning in the class.

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night; —Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night; Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

TRUE SERVICE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

ALFRED TENNYSON

If possible this poem should be read at New Year time, for its purpose is to "ring out the old" and to "ring in the new."

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place of blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

STUDY NOTES

Thoughts and pictures. 1. Do you think it is a good plan to stop now and then, as at New Year, and think of the old that is passing and the new that is coming? 2. Stop to get clearly the pictures suggested in the first two lines. Hear the bell ringing throughout the poem. 3. What do you think was Tennyson's purpose in writing this poem? 4. Make a list of all the things which the poet asks the New Year bells to "ring out." 5. Make a list of all the things the bells are to "ring in." 6. Just what meaning are we to give the terms "ring out" and "ring in" as used here?

The author. Refer to the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a sketch of the life of Alfred Tennyson.

Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
 This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
 At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

STUDY NOTES

The poem. This little poem is not only beautiful, but it will make us think. Have you ever thought: 1. Where each day comes from? Where each day goes? What Eternity is? 2. Or do you think it is useless to think about such questions? 3. Have you ever noticed that some days seem better than others; you get more done, have a better time, find it easier to be pleasant and helpful? 4. Can you find causes for these differences? 5. Note the repetition of stanzas. Why do you think the author thus repeats?

The author. Consult the cyclopedia and be prepared to give a two-minute talk on the life of Thomas Carlyle.

MY GARDEN

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

FOR HOME OR LIBRARY READING

Beyond Rope and Fence.....Grew
Eye Spy.....Grew
Familiar Trees and Their Leaves.
.....Mathews
Field Book of American Flowers.
.....Mathews
Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music.....Mathews
Flower Guide.....Reed
Frank of Freedom Hill.....Derieux
Haunts of Life.....Thomson
Horses Nine.....Ford
Insect Life.....Comstock
Jerry of the Island.....London
King of Thundering Herd..Hawkes
Land Birds East of the Rockies.
.....Reed
Moths and Butterflies....Dickerson
Nature's Garden.....Blanchan
Sea Beach at Ebb Tide.....Arnold
Shasta of the Wolves.....Baker
Shell Book.....Rogers
The Butterfly Book.....Holland
The Memoirs of a White Elephant.
.....Gautier
The Spinner Family.....Patterson
The Training of Wild Animals.
.....Bostock
Water Birds East of the Rockies.
.....Reed
What Bird is That?.....Chapman
Wild Folk.....Scoville
Wind in the Willows.....Grahame
Wonder World We Live In..Whyte



Part Four

FAMILIAR LEGENDS, POEMS AND STORIES

THE stories, legends and poems of Part Four are called "familiar" because they have been read and reread by so many people. In fact they are offered to you because so many have loved them, and because you have a right to know and love them too.

In Part Four of the Seventh Reader you were told how a legend *grows* by having the story on which it is based repeated from person to person and from generation to generation until many know it. It is easy to understand how tales thus retold will finally come to differ somewhat from the original, yet deal with the same incidents and characters, and at last become the possession of millions of people. In the first section of this Part you are given two famous American legends, *Evangeline* and *Rip Van Winkle*, the first in verse and the second in prose. Along with these you will find one of the most famous of American idyls, *Snowbound*. These three productions are found in every public library where English literature is read, and in every home in America where good books are known.

The "group of shorter poems" of the second section might have been made much longer, for there are very many beautiful poems of a few stanzas or of a page or two. Most of these poems you can read through in a few minutes, but many of them you will want to remember and think about and perhaps read again through many years. In this group you have poems going back to the days of David, and others so recent that we may say they were written but yesterday; in literature, time does not count if the thoughts are beautiful and the form fitting. Perhaps when you have read these poems you will want to suggest others you would like to add to the list.

You are quite sure to like the four selections in the final section of the book. You will like the humor and fun of the "Roast Pig" story; like the tale from Shakespeare; like the story of the boy who found his way back to his father's house; like the Christmas tale, which many families read aloud to the home circle before the fireplace on each successive Christmas Eve.

When you have read the final story of this reader, suppose you stop to take stock of yourself. How much have you read? How much *do* you read—of book and story and poem and news and whatever else forms your daily or weekly ration of reading? *What* do you read; do you read a reasonably wide scope of materials, so that you are developing a varied range of interests, and not confining your reading to just one kind of materials? *How* do you read; do you read intensely, rapidly but understandingly; do you think as you read, and remember what ought to be retained? Do you deeply *like* to read, so that you seize upon a new book with joy, lay down a good story with regret, and come back to a half-finished tale with satisfaction? Do you go to the public library now and then and browse about among the books and magazines? Are you building a library of your very own, bringing into it the books that you most prize and treasuring them as among your choicest possessions? In short, are you becoming a *reader*, one who loves good books and makes out of them companions for his leisure hours, friends to whom he goes for entertainment and counsel, teachers upon whom he calls for instruction and wisdom?

The authors of this series of readers hope that you feel toward books and reading as did Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who thus describes an experience of her childhood:

Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!



AMERICAN LIFE AND LEGEND

EVANGELINE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

In the early history of America the French and the English were often in conflict for supremacy. Nova Scotia (called Acadie by the French), which was settled chiefly by those of French blood, was a bone of contention between the two nations. About the middle of the eighteenth century the English, being then in control, demanded an oath of allegiance from the Acadians. The Acadians refused to take the oath except on the express condition that they would not be required to bear arms against France. This the English refused to accede to, and the King of England issued a decree that the Acadians were to be deported from their land and scattered southward through the American colonies. Some three thousand of them were forced on board English vessels, families and friends frequently being separated in the confusion and excitement. Many of these exiles were unable ever again to find trace of those they had lost.

It is said that Hawthorne first discovered and gave to Longfellow the legend upon which the poem is founded, surrendering his own intention of building a novel upon it in order that Longfellow might use it.

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
 the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
 the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
 bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
 ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
 the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors

Mingle their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sound the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouth fireplace, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou has ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and tonight may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-like.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-shell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou has heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evengeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and even louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her
father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the
supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phan-
toms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her cham-
ber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing
thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered
till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the
fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwell-
ings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers,
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.



Evangeline

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska.
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying land-ward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then they would say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in midair
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-worn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with a shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they recognized his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning.
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nut-shell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oaktrees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou has lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at night-fall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people.
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Camanches,

Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of the vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guide and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.
Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here in the houseless wild to direct the traveler's journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in the secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake tc her heart, ana made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight.

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood!
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying..

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. *Evangeline* has been called the "flower of American idyls," and it is said that those of foreign tongues have been known to study the English language in order that they might read this poem in the original. Longfellow himself liked it the best of all his writings. The poem is written in blank verse, or verse without rhyme. The meter used gives somewhat the effect of climbing up a hill to the middle of each line, and then going more easily down the other side to the end of it. The tale naturally divides itself into two main parts with various subdivisions.

For study and discussion. *The Prelude.* 1. What is the purpose of a prelude in music? Of a prelude to a poem? 2. Do you think the prelude of this poem prepares the mind for what follows? 3. Compare this prelude with the prelude to each part of *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* 4. Do you know any other poems which have preludes?

Part the First

1. It will add much to the interest and understanding of the poem if one has the geography of it clear. With the help of a map and the cyclopedia sketch the region covered by the narrative, locating the different places mentioned as nearly as possible. 2. Stop to get the mental picture of the village of Grand-Pré and the country around it. 3. Visualize the sea fogs on the mountainside above. 4. Describe the typical houses of the village. 5. What evidence is there that the parish priest was loved by his people? 6. Can you explain how the author gives an atmosphere of peace, happiness and quiet to the village? 7. Describe the picture in your mind of Evangeline's father and of Evangeline herself; your picture of their farm home. 8. Read the lines which tell that Evangeline was a favorite among the youth of the village. 9. Stop to get a good visual picture of the blacksmith shop belonging to Gabriel's father. Can you hear the ring of the hammer upon the anvil? 10. Can you smell the pungent odor of the smoke and heated metal? Describe your mental picture of Gabriel. 11. Read the lines that tell of the coming of the autumn. 12. What term used by the Acadians meant the same as our term "Indian summer"? Compare the Acadian Indian summer with our own. 13. Read the lines that describe the coming home of the flocks and herds. 14. Com-

pare the picture of the fireside scene with that drawn by Whittier in *Snow-bound.* 15. Who were the callers on the evening in question, and how was each received? 16. What was the great business of the evening to be performed which required the presence of the notary? 17. Repeat the conversation of the two men over the affairs of the colony. 18. What is your impression of the old notary as to his physical appearance and his personality? 19. What was the theme of conversation between the three men before the fireplace? 20. What do you learn from the incident of the notary's visit concerning the custom of a marriage contract among the Acadians? 21. Read the lines near the end of Section III of Part the First which foreshadow sorrow for Evangeline. 22. Is there any way of telling how much time has elapsed between the close of the third section and the beginning of the fourth section of Part the First? 23. How does the poet indicate the time of year when the marriage was to take place? 24. What does this section of the poem tell you of the Acadian custom concerning marriage feasts and celebrations? 25. Observe how the tone changes from one of gladness to one of apprehension with the sounding of the bell from its tower. 26. Describe the scene which took place in the church when the English commander read the orders from the king. 27. Note the contrast in the blacksmith's appeal and the parish priest's advice to the men. 28. Picture the scene in the village as the news of the impending deportation spread. 29. What light is thrown on the character of Evangeline by the way she received the news? 30. Note the contrast between the evening which Evangeline now spends at home and the evening of her marriage contract. 31. How long a time elapsed between the coming of the English commander and the loading of the people on the English vessels? 32. Describe the embarking and the separation of Evangeline and Gabriel. 33. Picture the scene of the burning village. 34. What great sadness came upon Evangeline at this time in addition to the separation from her lover?

Part the Second

1. Read the lines which tell of the wide area over which the Acadians were scattered after their deportation. 2. How are we told early in the second part that Evangeline and Gabriel did not succeed in finding each other? 3. How are we told that Evangeline was constantly searching for Gabriel? 4. In what other way are we told of Evangeline's constancy to Gabriel? 5. Describe the incident of Gabriel and Evangeline missing each other on the river as Gabriel passed Evangeline's boat. 6. How does the poet add to our feeling of sadness over this tragedy by his description near the close of the second section of Part the Second? 7. Where

had Basil, the blacksmith, established his new home? 8. Describe the incident of Evangeline's call there. 9. Describe the evening party at Basil's and note the part taken by Evangeline. 10. Where did Evangeline seek for Gabriel after this time? 11. Can you picture the changes that took place in Evangeline's appearance on account of her hardships and sorrow? 12. What lessons did Evangeline learn from her life of sorrow? 13. What vows did she take upon herself? 14. What faithfulness of Evangeline's finally led her to find Gabriel? 15. How did she recognize Gabriel? 16. This poem teaches certain facts of history as well as giving pleasure through the beautiful tale it tells. Which of these purposes do you think was foremost in the mind of the poet? 17. After having read the poem can you understand why Longfellow liked this better than any other of his writings?

Mental pictures. This poem is full of pictures for the mind, not only of individual incidents or objects here and there, but also of larger scenes. After reading the poem through for enjoyment of the story, it will be worth while to review it and pick out the pictures that attract you most and which stand out most vividly in your mind.

Word study. Find the following words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: *Part the First*: ethereal; mutation; glebe; notary; irascible; jocund; vibrant; dissonant; solstice; imprecations; refluent; gleeds; contrition; clement. *Part the Second*: shards; multitudinous; hilarious; accordant; oracular; incantation; cloisters; abnegation; assiduous; tenebrous; taciturn; presaged.

Phrases for study. "Reign of the Henries"; "penitent Peter"; "sign of the Scorpion"; "birds of passage"; "royal commission"; "tocsin's alarum"; "Prophet descending"; "shipwrecked Paul"; "Ismael's children"; "like the Hebrew."

Topics for oral or written themes. 1. Were the English justified in deporting the Acadians? 2. The descendants of the Acadians in Louisiana. 3. Where I should prefer to go if I were to be driven away from my home as the Acadians were.

A dramatic program. Select certain themes from this poem, appoint members of the class to represent the characters, and present a Longfellow program. Either at the beginning or at the close of the program have some member of the class give a sketch of the life of Longfellow.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up to Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the traveler may have seen the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great age, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial char-

acter of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was a strong dislike of all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ear about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he

sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster,—a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or

related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would nod his head in approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could

overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild and lonely, the bottom filled with fragments from the overhanging cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short,

square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, and several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly, what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were

peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and

was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave revelers of the mountain had put a trick upon him and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some

difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and, who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever

they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for

his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the rudy face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress —Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders— "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking! The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors.

"Well—who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my

gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—

Old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the

mountain; and he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but showed an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

STUDY NOTES

The story. This tale has been called the most beautiful of American legends. It is evident that in it Irving has taken the idea of a long sleep as it is used in many other stories (as of the Sleeping Beauty) and applied it to American scenes. With his story he has interwoven the legendary tales of Hendrick Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, who was declared to return, with his phantom crew, every twenty years and visit his old haunts.

For study and discussion. 1. Locate on a map and be able to sketch on the blackboard the region where the scene of this story is laid. 2. The story naturally divides into three parts. Mark lightly in your book the division points between these parts. 3. Why are the mountains called "fairy mountains"? 4. Describe the picture you have in your mind of Rip Van Winkle, first before his sleep; then after his sleep. 5. What is your impression of Rip's wife? 6. Describe Rip's good qualities; his bad qualities. 7. When Rip found it desirable to escape from home where did he go? 8. In imagination go with Rip on his walk and tell what you see and hear. 9. Take your place beside Rip high on the mountain side and describe the scene that lies spread before you. 10. By what means does the writer prepare you for the strange things that are to follow? 11. Tell of Rip's awakening. 12. What fears possessed his mind as he awakened? 13. What changes did he note in the mountains? 14. What changes had taken place in the village? 15. How did he account for his own change in appearance? 16. Why was Rip puzzled by the questions asked of him by the tavern idlers? 17. Do you think the author had a purpose in

choosing the particular period of history taken for Rip's long sleep? 18. What great events had taken place in American history during Rip's sleep? 19. Explain the change that had been made in the sign over the inn. 20. Why did Rip not understand the questions asked of him? 21. Why do you think the author brings Rip's daughter into the story? 22. His son? 23. How did Rip finally get straightened about as to what had occurred? 24. What scenes or incidents of the story seemed to you to possess the most humor? 25. What glimpses do you get of life and customs in early New York? 26. Do you find Rip a likable character? Tell why or why not.

Silent reading test. 1. Make a complete outline of the story, showing its plot and main characters and incidents. Or, 2. Tell or write the story, omitting no important characters, incidents or descriptions.

Word study. Find the following words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: descried; obsequious; patrimonial; alacrity; amphitheater; visage; impenetrable; connubial; austere; corroborated; evinced; termagant; insuperable; patriarch; vehemently; august; alternative; unfrequented; gesture; disputatious; phlegm; refugee; draught.

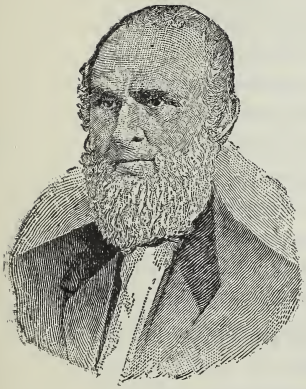
Class reading. Select and prepare for reading several of the passages which you enjoy most.

Library or home reading. Other selections from *The Sketch Book*; James Barrie's *Peter Pan.*

The author. Washington Irving, who was born in 1783, has been called "the father of American literature." His home was a flat-roofed building in the city of New York, which at the time of his birth had a population of only 23,000. At school Irving cared more for stories and other forms of reading than for arithmetic and such studies, his favorite books being *Sinbad the Sailor, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe,* and *Pilgrim's Progress.* In his later boyhood he made rambling excursions into the country round about New York, up and down the banks of the Hudson, and out over the Catskill Mountains. On these journeys he picked up a great store of legends for his later writings. For fifty years Irving charmed and instructed the American people, winning his way to a foremost place in their affections. Among the books he wrote are: *Knickerbocker's History of New York, The Sketch Book, Alhambra, The Life and Voyages of Columbus, The Life of George Washington.* "Rip Van Winkle" is taken from *The Sketch Book.* An extended sketch of the life of Irving is found in the cyclopedias, from which members of the class should prepare for two-minute talks on his life.

SNOWBOUND

John Greenleaf Whittier



Whittier wrote *Snowbound* when he was nearly sixty years of age. A sister to whom he was much attached had just died, leaving only himself and a brother of all the family that had occupied the happy old farmstead home. In this poem the author's thoughts go back to his own early boyhood days, and he describes the simple, wholesome life of the New England pioneer. The striking picture he here draws will enable you to compare the New England home of one hundred years ago with your own home of the present day.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar

Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within,
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods to snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,

And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,

Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow

Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,

He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified.
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home —
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,

And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills

The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,

From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland district teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,

And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.
Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,

The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls

And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-balls' compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.

At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

STUDY NOTES

Pictures and thoughts. To enjoy and appreciate this poem one must enter fully into its spirit. This can hardly be done without stopping now and then to dwell upon the pictures presented. 1. Imagine as completely as you can that "brief December day" which is described in the opening stanza. 2. Feel the cold; note the ring around the sun; observe the grayish chill of the light. 3. Hear the roar of the ocean as the surf breaks on the ice-bound coast. 4. Picture the doing of the nightly chores in the swirl of the snow-storm. 5. As the next morning breaks look out upon a world all of white, all familiar objects covered with snow. 6. In imagination seize a shovel and with the boys help make the path from house to barns and sheds. 7. Picture each particular sound and scene as the shut-in animals are cared for and fed. 8. As evening draws on help again with the chores, bring in the wood for the fireplace, and get ready for an evening in the fireside circle. 9. Draw up your chair and join the group that "sat the clean-winged hearth about." 10. As you read line by line enter into the picture of that wonderful evening. 11. Note how as Whittier draws that picture a feeling of sadness comes over him that "with so much gone of life and love," he still lives on. 12. Note how, addressing his brother, he recalls in reminiscence their boyhood experiences and gives a description of each member of his family. 13. If your imagination is in good order you will have a whole gallery of mental pictures by the time you have finished reading the poem. Which of these are the clearest and most vivid to you? Which do you enjoy best? 14. Do you think a writer can make one who reads his words see the pictures any more clearly than they are in his own mind?

For study and discussion. 1. This poem naturally divides itself into three parts. After studying it carefully locate the points of division between the parts. 2. Of what do you understand the sun's strange appearance to have been an "ominous prophecy"? 3. Compare the chores required of a New England farm boy with those on a modern farm. 4. Compare the method of getting water for house use or for the stock with the modern method. 5. An adverb early in the second stanza gives a hint as to the time when they did their chores. Find this and explain. 6. Explain the line: "We looked upon a world unknown." 7. Refer to the dictionary or cyclopedia and explain the phrase "Pisa's leaning miracle." 8. Explain the reference to Aladdin's cave and his lamp. 9. How long did this snow-storm last? 10. Explain the phrase "Beat the frost-line back." 11. Can you explain how the poet makes us feel the quiet and solitude of the shut-in farmhouse? 12. Draw a sketch of

the fireplace and indicate the location of the chair of each person as you imagine their positions, and name those who were in the circle. 13. Do you think the members of this family had as pleasant an evening as families of the present day usually spend? 14. Find and read the lines which express Whittier's deep religious faith. 15. Explain the lines:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees."

16. Explain the phrase "mournful marbles." 17. If you will find a picture of the styles worn by the women of those days you will understand the line: "On Norman cap and bodiced zone." 18. If you have ever dug clams, and cooked chowder over a beach fire you will understand his "chowder" reference. 19. Explain other references to the sea and the beach in this stanza. 20. Explain as fully as you can the references made by the mother in the tales she told. 21. Imagine that you knew the uncle and describe him as fully as you can. 22. In a similar way describe the aunt. 23. Note especially the tenderness with which he refers to his sister, who has recently died. 24. Do you find anything in the writer's reference to his sister which still further shows his religious faith? 25. Imagine that you were going to school to the school-master described, and then tell as much about him as you can. Does he remind you at all of Ichabod Crane? 26. Describe how the family escape from their "snow-bound" isolation. 27. Note that the Whittiers were Quakers in their religious creed, while the village doctor was a Calvinist. Did this make any difference between them as neighbors? 28. What indicates to you that the library of the home contained fewer books than we have in our homes to-day? 29. Ellwood was a poet of that day, but not a very good one. With this in mind perhaps you can explain the reference to him. 30. What news seems to have been contained in the village newspaper which was brought to their door? 31. What Indians were in revolt, and what foreign nation was engaged in a revolution? 32. What evidence have you that this paper gave also local news? 33. If you were to pick out from five to fifteen lines of this poem for memorizing which lines would you choose? Do you not think it would be worth while to memorize these lines? 34. As you think the poem over what pictures or thoughts from it do you think you will remember longest and care most about?

Class reading. Let each member of the class select some one incident, scene or description, and be prepared to read it to the best advantage before the class, trying especially to make your listeners picture and understand what you present.

Library or home reading. Longfellow's *The Snowfall*; Emerson's *The Snowstorm*.

For oral or written themes. 1. Home life on the New England farm of a century ago compared with that on the farm of to-day. 2. Opportunities for reading in Whittier's day and the present compared. 3. Whittier's schooling compared with my own schooling. 4. Old time recreation and modern forms of recreation. 5. The member of the Whittier fireside whom I should most care to have known.

The author. Every American schoolboy and schoolgirl should know something of the life of Whittier. Use whatever sources of information you have and be prepared for a two-minute talk on the life of Whittier in the class period.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



A GROUP OF SHORTER POEMS

THREE VIOLINS

CARL SANDBURG

Three violins are trying their hearts.
The piece is MacDowell's Wild Rose.
And the time of the wild rose
And the leaves of the wild rose
And the dew-shot eyes of the wild rose
Sing in the air over three violins.
Somebody like you was in the heart of MacDowell.
Somebody like you is in three violins.

'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

When Robert Burns, the farmer poet of Scotland, wrote about "honest poverty" he knew whereof he spoke, for he was both honest and poor. Especially did Burns love the common people, the toilers. The meaning of most of the strange forms of speech used will appear from their resemblance to our modern English. The more difficult ones are explained in the study notes.

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
Gie folks their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;

Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warl' o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. What two words might be inserted after the word "there" in the first line? 2. Under what conditions would you say that poverty might be a disgrace? 3. Remember that a guinea is an English coin and then explain "The rank is but the guinea's stamp." How much is a guinea worth in our money? 4. What phrase is frequently repeated? Do you think this repetition adds effectiveness to the poem? 5. Read the lines which say that a prince may confer honors, such as knighthood, but that he can not make an honest man. 6. In what words does Burns express his conviction that the world will finally come to recognize true manhood regardless of station or honors?

Class reading. Read selected portions of Burns' *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Words and phrases. The Scotch dialect used makes the reading at first seem difficult to one unfamiliar with these word forms. Make careful study of these words and you will have no trouble to understand the poem: *a'*, all; *gowd* (goud), gold; *hamely* (hām′ lĭ), homely; *gie* (gē), give; *sae* (sā), so; *mak*, (măk) make; *aboon* (à bo͞on), above; *guid* (gūd), good; *mauna* (mŏn′ nà), must not; *gree* (grē), prize; *warld* (wārld), world. "Hoddin-grey," woolen cloth of coarse gray; "mauna fa' that," must not hope to do that; "bear the gree," carry off the prize.

The author. Refer to the cyclopedia and be prepared to give orally or in writing a sketch of the life of Robert Burns.

A GOOD SPORT

He lost the game;
No matter for that—
He kept his temper,
He swung his hat
And cheered the winners—
A better way
Than to lose his temper
And win the day.

AN OPTIMIST

A man fell from a hotel roof,
And from each window bar
He shouted to his friends above:
"All right I am so far."

A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black, or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere!

STUDY NOTES

Suggestion for a theme. Poetry, especially poetry that is meant to be sung, as is the case with this poem, often has a certain amount of repetition of lines, phrases or refrains. Study the poem carefully to understand all that it means to express and then write in your own words the thought it contains. The themes that are written may then be read aloud and compared in class.

The author. When James Whitcomb Riley was a boy he first tried his hand at sign painting, then joined a company of strolling players and became an actor, also writing songs and arranging plays for their use. At the age of twenty he began publishing some of his poems, which immediately became popular and which brought to him the name of *The Hoosier Poet*, a name which he greatly prized. Much of Riley's best writing is in dialect, though he has written many poems in beautiful literary English. Among the volumes of his collected poems are: *Afterwhiles*; *Poems Here at Home*; *Rhymes of Childhood*. Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1849 and died in 1916. He is one of the best loved of modern American poets.

I wonder what the Clover thinks,—
Intimate friend of Bobolinks,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words.

"Saxe Holm."

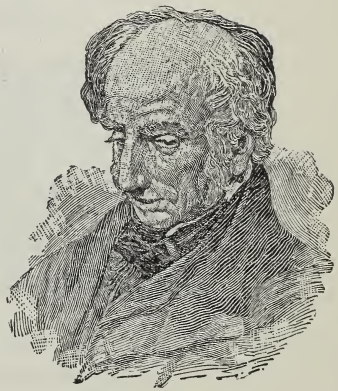
And this our life, exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

William Shakespeare.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.



STUDY NOTES

For thought and discussion. 1. Do any of the sights or sounds of nature give you a feeling which is expressed by "my heart leaps up"? 2. Read the lines that show how much Wordsworth desires to keep this deep love for nature. 3. Explain "The child is father of the man." 4. Explain the last two lines, noting especially the phrase "natural piety."

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

STUDY NOTES

The poem. This has been called one of the most beautiful of our shorter poems. Its charm lies chiefly in the beauty of its rhythm and the sentiment it contains. 1. Note certain interesting plays upon sounds as "chilling and killing"; "ever dissever." 2. Which stanza has several line-rhymes, or rhymes of the middle word with the end word of the line? 3. What words or phrases need special study?

The author. Consult the cyclopedia and prepare to give an account of the life of Poe.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

VACHEL LINDSAY

(*In the Beginning*)

The sun is a huntress young,
The sun is a red, red joy,
The sun is an Indian girl,
Of the tribe of the Illinois.

(*Mid-morning*)

The sun is a smouldering fire,
That creeps through the high gray plain,
And leaves not a bush of cloud
To blossom with flowers of rain.

(*Noon*)

The sun is a wounded deer,
That treads pale grass in the skies,
Shaking his golden horns,
Flashing his baleful eyes.

(*Sunset*)

The sun is an eagle old,
There in the windless west,
Atop of the spirit-cliffs
He builds him a crimson nest.

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WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?

JOB 28: 1, 2, 12–28

Surely there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for gold where they fine it.

Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me:
And the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it:
And the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls:
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say,
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;

To make the weight for the winds;
And he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it, and declare it;
He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

Psalm XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.



PROSE IN MANY KEYS

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

In reading this selection it is well to remember that Lamb was first of all a humorist, and that his claim of the supposed facts of his story having come to him from an original Chinese manuscript is not to be taken too seriously. Nor indeed is any of the story to be taken seriously—except as *fun!*

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was

reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his

throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In con-

clusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's

town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. 1. How does the age of the Chinese nation compare with that of our own? 2. Who was Confucius? 3. Consult the cyclopedia and decide why the author referred as he did to Abyssinia. 4. Do you find any evidence in the story that Lamb liked roast pork? 5. Do you think that the author meant to make fun of the Chinese, or only of mankind in general for their slowness in discovering plain and simple ways of doing things? 6. Did they have jury trials in Pekin, or is this a part of the joking?

Silent reading test. The average eighth-grade pupil will require approximately five minutes to read this selection. He should after one

careful reading be able to tell the story without omitting any essential detail. Another type of test is to make a complete outline of the plot or plan of the story.

Phrases. "Mundane mutations," changes in the world. Have you ever had a "premonitory moistening" of the mouth when appetizing food was placed before you? Explain "retributory cudgel." Explain "those remote quarters." Explain the "terrible mystery."

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary: dissertation; mast; younkers; antediluvian; farrow; nether; booby; crackling; retributory; callous; despatched; enjoined; assize; obnoxious; simultaneous; gridiron; spit; dynasty; culinary; tegument.

The author. Consult the cyclopedia and be ready to give a two-minute talk on Charles Lamb.

How fair is the rose! that beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

ISAAC WATTS.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Charles and Mary Lamb (From Shakespeare)

Charles Lamb and his sister performed a great service for boys and girls when they wrote *Tales from Shakespeare*. For Shakespeare's plays are rather hard reading until one has read a great deal. Once one has learned to read them, however, the plays of Shakespeare are most attractive. They possess adventure, wit, instruction and many other characteristics of interest and value. They are read by educated people the world around, and have never been excelled in literature. Many of the most interesting of the plays were rewritten by the Lambs in prose for young readers.

DURING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms, as they were called), there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke. The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the Forest of Arden. Here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led there more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the Golden Age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it

grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for food.

When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counselors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly,

to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practiced now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight for a large and powerful man, who had long been practiced in the art of wrestling and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men: in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him. He concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world

no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and took so deep an interest in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection. The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke. Therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known

this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him. And Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?"

Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly."

"But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? For then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her. While Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account.

"I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that

I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, risen at the same instant, learned, played, and eaten together, I cannot live out of her company."

Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone. Therefore, open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the Forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore. She therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was agreed on quickly between them that, as Rosalind was the taller, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister. Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the Forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accom-

panying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden Aliena.

When at last they came to the Forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road. And being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find it in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel and cry like a woman. Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel. To seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena. We are now at the end of our travel, in the Forest of Arden."

But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the Forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke. And here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way. Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with traveling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome

to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them. And being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be. Yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend. And though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had traveled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando also was in the Forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind, Orlando so much resembled his excellent father that, without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care. Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother that at last he wished

to destroy him; and to effect this, he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, Oliver's envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one who had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and who loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! Why are you virtuous? Why are you gentle, strong and valiant? And why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you."

Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night. And in conclusion, the old man advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight. Knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service. Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I

give to you. Let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities."

"O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together, then, this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam traveled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the Forest of Arden. There they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been in. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food. I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell.

Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was. He and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear, and eat no more; I must have your food!"

The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners.

On this, Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he. "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command. But whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if ever you have sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!"

The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered. Therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshments as much as will minister to your wants."

"There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger. Till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit."

"Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke. "We will forbear to eat till you return."

Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome." And they fed the old man,

and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of *Rosalind* carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind. While they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and about his neck they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favor, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty. Being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him. He thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men. With much archness and humor he talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving *Rosalind* upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind. Then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you."

Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage and feign a playful courtship. Every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learned from Orlando. Gany-

mede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did; which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie couching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and the lioness. But when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper, who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness. But brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life, both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness: but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked; and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon

for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent and readily forgave him. They embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede—"whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind"—the accident which had befallen him.

Thither Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offenses made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while Love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted. When he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind; and Ganymede said to Oliver,

"Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon."

But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man."

"So I do," replied Ganymede, truly; "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview. And he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this. She is now alone; for look, here comes her brother."

Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade the fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow; and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event (which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform) he pre-

tended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learned of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life, I do," said Ganymede. "Therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando. They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised. While Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her."

Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?"

"That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together. Ganymede, throwing off his male attire and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. Though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding day was never passed. While they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees,—as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers,—an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the Forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword. But by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for

just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely—though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

A SCENE FROM AS YOU LIKE IT

(*Rosalind Is Dismissed from Court*)

DUKE FREDERICK, ROSALIND AND CELIA

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke Frederick. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exit* Duke Frederick.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

STUDY NOTES

The plot of the story. In this tale as in most of Shakespeare's plays the plot is rather complicated and will require careful study. The story is built around seven characters. Discover each of these and make a list of the names indicated the part played by each, thus:

The Duke, banished and living in the Forest of Arden.

Next, hunt out and mark lightly in your book the five sections or divisions into which the story naturally falls as follows:

I. From the beginning up to the point where Rosalind is banished.

II. From Rosalind's banishment to the point where Rosalind (Ganymede) and Celia (Aliena) establish their home in the Forest of Arden.

III. The story of Orlando up to the time he enters the Forest of Arden and joins the party of the Duke.

IV. From the meeting of Orlando with Ganymede and Aliena to the meeting of Oliver with them.

V. From the meeting of Oliver with Ganymede and Aliena to the end.

Silent reading test. Test number *one*: Tell the story contained in each of the five sections of the story. Test number *two*: Score yourself on your knowledge of these points: 1. What happened to the rightful duke and where he lived. 2. How the duke comforted his followers when they were downcast. 3. The name of the duke's daughter and where she lived when her father was banished. 4. The name of the usurper duke's daughter who desired Rosalind for a companion. 5. What kindly request the two ladies made of Orlando about the wrestling match. 6. An account of the wrestling match. 7. How Rosalind and Celia came to leave the court and where they went to live. 8. How Orlando came to go to the Forest of Arden. 9. How Oliver was cured of his hatred toward Orlando. 10. The sequel of the story.

Class reading. The following from *As You Like It:*

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Other passages or scenes from *As You Like It.*

The author. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was born in London, the youngest of three children. His parents were poor, and Charles was forced to work for a living when he should have been in school. Not only did poverty threaten him all his life, but his favorite sister, Mary, joint author of *Tales from Shakespeare*, became insane and had to be sent to an asylum. When she became better, Charles took her to his home and tenderly cared for her. Among Charles Lamb's writings are *Essays of Elia*, the volume from which "A Dissertation on Roast Pig" is taken.

THE PRODIGAL SON

LUKE 15: 11–32

A CERTAIN man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

When he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

But when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' "

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill

it; and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better
Than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies;
And all of the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.

THE BIBLE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens

Everybody, at least nearly everybody, becomes more kind and generous at Christmas time—everybody except the "Scrooges," whom the Christmas spirit does not reach. Possibly you may have known a "Scrooge"; more likely, let us hope, you have known a "Tiny Tim," whose mission in life seemed to be to increase the sum total of happiness —especially at Christmas time. This remarkable story by Dickens has been read by multitudes of people. Many families read it aloud to one another every year just before Christmas, and like it better each time. If you have never yet read it you have a great treat in store for you.

Part I. *Marley's Ghost*

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for— I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door, —Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names,—it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect,—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks: "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, a dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time,— of all the good days in the year upon a Christmas eve,—old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coalbox in his own room; and so surely

as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore, the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding! He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by

one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, Uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!"

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!"

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a Merry Christmas, Uncle!"

"Good afternoon!"

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word notwithstanding.

The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other persons in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons. But under the impression that they hardly furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the unoffending multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time of all others when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry.

I help to support the prisons and the workhouses,—they cost enough,—and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I were to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier *next* morning."

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard. The

building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now it is a fact there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very large; also that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face;—Marley's face with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar! It was not angry or ferocious, but it looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look, with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, all were as they should be: nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown, which was hanging up in a suspi-

cious attitude against the wall; old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and that communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house. This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Then he heard the noise grow much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a specter passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried: "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same!—Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it then."

The ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot tell you all I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse,—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And traveling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great deal of ground in seven years."

"O blind man, blind man! not to know that ages of inces-

sant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet I was like this man; I once was like this man!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me! My time is nearly gone."

"I will. But don't be hard upon me!"

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank-ee!"

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? I —I think I'd rather not."

"Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

It walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that, when the apparition reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say, "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

Part II. *The First of the Three Spirits*

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber, until suddenly the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy One.

Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure,—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

"I am!"

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?"

"No. Your past. The things that you will see with me are the shadows of the things that have been; they will have no consciousness of us."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare. Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a women's hand, was not to be resisted. He arose; but, finding that the spirit made towards the window, he clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal, and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge whether he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been

two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow 'prentice! Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse became as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they had broken. In came all the

young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and then more dances; and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and who had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many,—four times,—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance,—advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy,

corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place, —Fezziwig "cut,"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on each side of the door; and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money,—three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self, —"it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think?"

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

"Spirit! remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

As he struggled with the Spirit, he was conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

Part III. *The Second of the Three Spirits*

Scrooge awoke in his own bedroom. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, great joints of meat, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cheery-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, and immense twelfth-cakes. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a Giant glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in,—come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!"

"Never."

"Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have; I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which though cheap make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and had known it for their own. Basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his col-

lars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't so late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and I had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension of his high spirits; for he had been Tim's bloodhorse all the way from church, and had come home rampant,—"not coming upon Christmas day!"



And Tiny Tim Upon His Shoulder

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the wash-house that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and it trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting them-

selves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmer of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), "they hadn't ate it all at last!" Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone,—too nervous to bear witnesses,—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with the laundress's next door to

that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered,—flushed but smiling proudly,—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many

hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday, she could pass it at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and who sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes that you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper clearly had his eye on one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister, the plump one, with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses, blushed.

After tea they had some music; for they were a musical family, and they knew what they were about when they

sang a Glee or Catch, I can assure you,—especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. There was first a game at blindman's buff, though. And I no more believe Topper was really blinded than I believe he had his eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a pretense of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he answering only to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was

never killed in the market, and was not a horse, or a donkey, or a cow, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out,—

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle, Scro-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have drunk to the unconscious company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

Part IV. *The Last of the Spirits*

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee, for in the air through which this Spirit moved, it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They hardly seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die."

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of an unknown man.

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that *will* be, or are they shadows of the things that *may* be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name,—EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may

change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life."

For the first time the kind hand faltered.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress.

It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, and the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know

whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey,—the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my boy!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? Go and buy it. I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" and Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with Mistress."

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock, "I'll go in here."

He turned it gently and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen and a half minutes behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

Bob's hat was off before he opened the door; his com-

forter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again,—"and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, Bob. Make up the fires, and buy a second coal scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits; but it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas

well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God Bless us, every one!"

STUDY NOTES

For study and discussion. The story should if possible first be read through at one sitting for the fun and enjoyment of it. If it can be read at Christmas time, so much the better. After one complete reading, read each of the four parts more closely. Note the easy, familiar, jovial style in which the story is written. Do you think the style well suited to the story?

Part I

1. Write down all the adjectives which you think serve to describe Scrooge. 2. The author tells us in several different ways as he introduces Scrooge what kind of man he was. Find and read the three paragraphs in which Scrooge is described. 3. How are we first told of Scrooge's stinginess? 4. Describe the picture in your mind of Scrooge's counting house with himself and the clerk on Christmas eve. 5. What additional trait of character does Scrooge reveal in the conversation with his nephew? 6. What kind of impression do you get of the nephew in this interview? 7. What traits of character are revealed in Scrooge's response to the appeal of the committee seeking funds for the poor? 8. Do you think that Scrooge's badgering of his clerk about taking Christmas day off was from stinginess alone, or from some other cause? 9. How does Dickens prepare us for the introduction of the ghost of Marley into the story? 10. What do you think the author intends to teach us by the conversation between Scrooge and Marley's ghost?

Part II

1. Can you form a picture in your mind of the first of the three Spirits? 2. What did this Spirit represent? 3. Where did this Spirit take Scrooge? 4. What was the Spirit's purpose in showing Scrooge this scene? 5. A distinguished editorial writer says that one of the best ways to teach a truth is by contrast: How did the Spirit use this method with Scrooge? 6. What do you think of Fezziwig? 7. What did Scrooge mean when he said, "I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now"? 8. What evidence is there at the close of this section that Scrooge had begun to reform?

Part III

1. How does the author at the beginning of this section prepare us for the Christmas-Present scene? 2. Describe your mental picture of the Ghost of Christmas-Present. 3. What does the Ghost mean by saying that he has more than eighteen hundred brothers? 4. What lesson do you think Dickens meant to convey in the description of Bob Cratchit's Christmas party? 5. At what part of the description of Cratchit's party do you like Bob best? 6. Do you think you would have liked the Cratchit family? What reasons can you give for your judgment? 7. What other home scene did the Spirit have Scrooge visit that evening? 8. What lesson do you think Scrooge learned from this visit?

Part IV

1. How is it shown at the beginning of this section that Scrooge was changing in character? 2. Explain how the scene on the Exchange told Scrooge that he would be but little missed or mourned if he died. 3. How did the Spirit reveal to Scrooge that he was dead? 4. Read the promise that Scrooge made the Spirit. Do you think he was brought to this state of mind by the vision of himself dead and unmourned, or by *all* of the experiences he had just been through? 5. What evidence followed immediately upon the incident of the promise Scrooge made which showed him to be in earnest? 6. Compare the Scrooge of the close of the story with the Scrooge of the beginning. Do you think the author is skilful in showing us transformation of character? 7. What do you think was Dickens' purpose in the writing of this story? 8. Why do you think the story is so popular?

Silent reading test. Test yourself by outlining the plot or plan of the entire story. As another test, describe each of the main characters of the story, including the Spirits.

Theme work. The kind of a Christmas I like best.

Library reading. Van Dyke's *The First Christmas Tree;* The Bible: Luke 2:1-17.

Word study. Find these words in the Glossary and note their use in the text: executor; counting-house; parliament; anonymous; inexplicable; opaque; bob; copper; bedight; odious; baleful; precepts; poulterer.

The author. Charles Dickens is known and loved in this country almost as well as in England, where he was born. He spent his early childhood in a happy home, a great reader of good books. While Charles was still a youth, his father met financial reverses and was thrown into prison for debt. The boy quickly showed that he was made of good stuff,

for he went to work, and though accustomed to easy circumstances, if not luxury, he now earned his way. He kept clean in his habits and learned how to make a living. Soon he began to write short sketches for the newspapers; then he began on books, and finally he became one of the leading novelists of his day. Among his works are *Pickwick Papers; Tale of Two Cities; Child's History of England; David Copperfield; Dombey and Son; Nicholas Nickleby; Oliver Twist.*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Length of days is in her right hand;
And in her left hand riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them
That lay hold upon her:
And happy is every one
That retaineth her.

THE BIBLE.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

THE BIBLE.



JUST NONSENSE

A TRAGIC STORY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE LUGUBRIOUS WHING-WHANG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Out on the margin of Moonshine Land,
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail on the sand,
And wiping it out with his oogerish hand;
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Is it the gibber of Gungs and Keeks?
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Or what *is* the sound that the Whing-Whang seeks?
Crouching low by the winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks!
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Aroint him the wraithest of wraithly things!
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess, with phosphor rings,
And bridal-jewels of fangs and stings;
And she sits and as sadly and softly sings
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings,
 Tickle me, Dear,
 Tickle me here,
 Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

THE THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
With half of it cut away.

And all day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,

But a hedgehog in a bramble-bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said 'twas a hedgehog,
The second he said, nay;
The third it was a pin-cushion,
With the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly-tree,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was an owl,
The second he said, nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard was growing gray.

THE MONKEY'S WEDDING

ANONYMOUS

The monkey married the Baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her,
He kissed so hard he raised a blister.
 She set up a yell.
The bridesmaid stuck on some court plaster,
It stuck so fast it couldn't stick faster,
Surely 'twas a sad disaster,
 But it soon got well.

What do you think the bride was dressed in?
White gauze veil and a green glass breast-pin,
Red kid shoes—she was quite interesting,
 She was quite a belle.
The bridegroom swell'd with a blue shirt collar,
Black silk stock that cost a dollar,
Large false whiskers the fashion to follow;
 He cut a monstrous swell.

What do you think they had for supper?
Black-eyed peas and bread and butter,
Ducks in the duck-house all in a flutter,
 Pickled oysters too.
Chestnuts raw and boil'd and roasted,
Apples sliced and onions toasted,
Music in the corner posted,
 Waiting for the cue.

What do you think was the tune they danced to?
"The Drunken Sailor"—sometimes "Jim Crow,"
Tails in the way—and some got pinched, too,
'Cause they were too long.
What do you think they had for a fiddle?
An old Banjo with a hole in the middle,
A Tambourine made out of a riddle,
And that's the end of my song.

FOR HOME OR LIBRARY READING

Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery
A Boy in Eirinn. Colum
Boys' Prescott. Banks
Cricket on the Hearth. Dickens
Daddy Long-Legs. Webster
Hans Brinker. Dodge
House of Seven Gables. . Hawthorne
In Sunny Spain. Bates
Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains. Eastman
Legends of the Rhine. Guerber
Modern American Poetry. Untermeyer
Norse Stories. Mabie
Old Greek Stories. Baldwin
Poems of American Patriotism. Matthews
Poets of America. Stedman
Pueblo Indian Folk Stories. Lummis
Siegfried and Beowulf. Ragozin
Standish of Standish. Austin
Story of Babette. Stuart
The Story of the Other Wise Man. Van Dyke
Wigwam Evenings. Eastman

GLOSSARY

ā as in *a*te
ă as in b*a*t
â as in c*a*re
à as in *a*sk
ä as in *a*rm
å as in sen*a*te
ō as in n*o*te
ŏ as in n*o*t
ô as in *o*r
ō̆ as in *o*bey
ē as in *e*ve
ĕ as in m*e*t
ẽ as in mak*e*r
ĕ as in *e*vent
ī as in k*i*nd
ĭ as in p*i*n
ŭ as in c*u*t
ū as in *u*se
û as in t*u*rn
ŭ as in *u*nite
o͞o as in f*oo*d
o͝o as in f*oo*t

abnegation (ăb′nē-gā′shŭn), denial; giving up.

accordant (ă-kôr′dănt), harmonious; in accord.

acquiescence (ăk′wi̇-es′ĕns), a silent or passive assent or submission; agreement.

addicted (ă-dĭkt′ĕd), given over to; inclined; prone.

adroit (å-droit′), skilful; expert; deft.

airdrome, a shed for housing an airship or aeroplane; a ground for flying purposes.

alacrity (ă-lăk′ri̇-ti̇), quickness; cheerful willingness.

alienate (āl′yĕn-āt), to estrange; to withdraw, as the affections.

alternative (ăl-tûr′nå-ti̇v), choice.

amphitheater (ăm-fi̇-thē′å-tēr), a circular building with seats gradually higher toward the back.

anonymous (å-nŏn′i̇-mŭs), name unknown.

antediluvian (ăn-tē-di̇-lū′vi̇-an), before the flood.

apostrophize (å-pŏs′trō-fi̇z), to suddenly break off in a discourse and address, in the second person, some person or thing.

apprise (ă-pri̇z′), acquaint; inform; advise.

arabesques (ăr′å-bĕsks′), ornamentation consisting of a fantastic pattern of plants or fruits, foliage, etc.

assiduous (ă-si̇d′ū-ŭs), devoted; attentive.

assignats (å′sĕ′nya′), notes, bills or bonds, issued as currency by the revolutionary government of France and based on security of the lands of the church and nobles.

assize (ăs-si̇z′), the session of court for trial by judge and jury.

audacity (ô-dăs′i̇-ti̇), assurance; impertinence; insolence.

august (ô-gŭst′), dignified; stately.

auroral (ô-rō′răl), pertaining to dawn and the rising light of the morning.

austere (ôs-tēr′), severe.
avatar (ăv′ȧ-tär′), incarnation, as of a deity taking human form.
baleful (bāl′ful), full of power to harm.
bedight (bē-dīt′), ornamented; decorated.
benedicite (bĕn′ē-dĭs′ĭ-tē), an exclamation corresponding to Bless you!
bizarre (bĭ-zär′), fantastical; fanciful.
bob, English word for a shilling or about 24½ cents in United States money.
booby (bōō′bĭ), a dunce; an idiot.
bucking (bŭk′ĭng), springing with a quick plunging leap.
callous (kăl′lŭs), without feeling; hardened.
caracoled (kăr′ȧ-kōld), turned in a zigzag course.
carronade (kăr′rŭn-ād′), a kind of short cannon which is supported on a carriage by a bolt passing through a loop on its under side.
cataclysmic (kăt′ȧ-klĭz′mĭk), pertaining to a violent catastrophe.
cerements (sēr′mĕnts), shrouds for the dead.
chanticleer (chăn′tĭ-klēr), a cock.
château (shä′tō′), a feudal castle in France; a manor house.
clement (klĕm′ĕnt), indulgent; kindly.
cloister (klois′tēr), covered outdoor passage lined with columns.
connubial (kŏ-nū′bĭ-ăl), matrimonial; pertaining to marriage.
contrition (kŏn-trĭsh′ŭn), repentance; sorrow.
copper, here, the copper boiler in which the plum pudding was cooked.
corral (kŏ-răl′), an inclosure for confining or capturing animals.
corroborated (kŏ-rŏb′ō-rāt′ed), confirmed; established; proved.
corvette (kŏr-vet′), a war vessel, usually with but one tier of guns.
counting-house, meaning in England the same as a business office in America.
covertly (kŭv′ērt-lĭ), secretly; in private.
crackling (krăk′ling), here the crisp outside skin of roast pig.
culinary (kū′lĭ-nā-rĭ), relating to cookery.
demoniac (dēmō′nĭ-ăk), fiendish; influenced or possessed by a demon.
derivation (dĕr′ĭ-vā′shŭn), origin; extraction.
descried (dē-skrīd′), spied out or discovered by the eye.
despatch, to put an end to; to finish.
disputatious (dĭs′pū-tā′shŭs), argumentative.
dissertation (dĭs′ēr-tā′shŭn), an elaborate argumentative essay.
dissolution (dĭs′sō-lū′shŭn), death; disintegration.
dissonant (dĭs′ō-nănt), discordant.
divine (dĭ-vīn′), guess; conjecture.
draught (drȧft), drink.
druid (drōō′ĭd), pertaining to one of a religious order among the ancient Celts.
dynasty (dĭ′năs-tĭ), a race of kings of the same family.

efficacious (ĕf'i̇-kā'shŭs), effective; powerful; to produce an effect.

emplacements, gun platforms, parapets.

enjoined, ordered; prohibited.

escadrille (ĕs'kȧ-drĭl'), a division of the flying corps comprising personnel of aviators, mechanics, etc., and an equipment of aeroplanes sufficient for the maintenance of six machines in active service.

ethereal (ē-thē'rē-ăl), spiritual.

evinced (ē-vi̇nst), clearly showed.

executor (ĕg-zĕk'-ū-tĕr), a person who is appointed to dispose of the property of one who has died.

farrow (făr'rō), new born pigs.

foal (fōl), a colt.

forest-crypt (fŏr'est-kri̇pt'), a vault or cavern made of trees; here refers to the forms sculptured by the frost.

gesture (jĕs'tûr), movement.

glebe (glēb), ground, soil, sod.

gleeds (glēdz), burning coals.

gridiron, (gri̇d-ī'ŭrn), a grated iron used for broiling.

hangar (hăn'gär'), a shed, especially for aircraft.

harry (hăr'i̇), to ravage; to plunder.

hilarious (hi̇-lā'ri̇-ŭs), mirthful; noisy; merry.

hobbling (hŏb'bli̇ng), fettering by tying the legs.

hypothesis (hi̇-pŏth'ē-si̇s), a supposition; an assumption.

ignominy (i̇g'nō-mi̇n-i̇), disgrace or dishonor; infamy.

impenetrable (i̇m-pĕn'ē-trȧ-b'l), dark; that which can not be seen through.

impostures (i̇m-pŏs'tūrz), frauds or impositions.

imprecation (i̇m'prē-kā'shŭn), curse.

improvisatori (ēm'prō-vē'zȧ-tō'rē), those who compose and sing or recite rhymes and short poems extemporaneously.

incantation (i̇n'kăn-tā'shŭn), the use of magic; also the formula or chant used.

indomitable (i̇n-dŏm'i̇-tȧ-b'l), untamable; unconquerable.

ineffable (i̇n-ĕf'ȧ-b'l), unutterable, usually in a pleasing sense.

inexorable (i̇n-ĕks'sō-rȧ-b'l), unyielding; relentless.

inexplicable (i̇n-ĕks'pli̇-kȧ-b'l), not capable of being explained or accounted for.

insidiously (i̇n-si̇d'i̇-ŭs-li̇), treacherously; craftily; deceptively.

insuperable (i̇n-sū'pēr-ȧ-b'l), insurmountable, unconquerable.

irascible (i̇-răs'i̇-b'l), hot-tempered.

jocund (jŏk'ŭnd), merry; joking.

larboard (lär'bōrd), the left hand side of a ship to one on board facing the bow; port.

limpid (li̇m'pi̇d), clear; pure; bright.

maiden (mād''n), here untried; unused.

manoeuvre (ma-nōō'vēr), to manage; to bring about with skill.

mast (măst), nuts from oak or beech trees; acorns.

morose (mŏ-rōs'), sullen; ill-humored.

moult (mōlt), to shed or cast the feathers, skin or hair, as an animal or a bird.

multiform (mŭl'ti-fôrm), having many forms, shapes, or appearances.

multitudinous (mŭl'ti-tū'di-nŭs), thousands of; great in number.

mutation (mū-tā'shŭn), changes, as in the weather.

myriads (mir'i-ădz), immense numbers; innumerable.

nether (nĕth'ĕr), under.

notary (nō'tà-ri), a public officer who writes, or is witness to, legal papers.

obnoxious (ŏb-nŏk'shŭs), offensive; objectionable.

obsequious (ŏb-sē'kwi-ŭs), excessively humble; cringing.

odious (ō'di-ŭs), deserving to be hated.

omnipresent (ŏm'ni-prĕz'ĕnt), present everywhere at once.

opaque (ō-pāk'), not admitting light through.

oracular (ō-răk'ū-lăr), seemingly wise, as in forecasting the future, but really obscure.

palladium (pă-lā'di-ŭm), that which affords effectual security.

parliament, the governing body in England which corresponds to our Congress.

patriarch (pā'tri-ärk), the father and ruler of a family or tribe; a veteran; an aged person.

patrimonial (păt'ri-mō'ni-ăl), inherited from his father; hereditary.

phantasm (făn'tăz-'m), product of fancy.

phlegm (flĕm), calmness, slowness.

piquancy (pē'kăn-si), quality of being stimulating to the taste; quality of giving zest.

poulterer, one who keeps a shop where dressed poultry is sold.

precepts, truths, wisely worded.

predilections (prē'di-lĕk'shŭnz), previous likings; preferences.

presaged (prē-sājd'), foretold, predicted.

presumptuous (prē-zŭmp'tū-ŭs), done with bold design; wilful; arrogant.

reconnoitre (rĕk'ŏ-noi'tĕr), to make a preliminary examination or survey.

refluent (rĕf'lōō-ĕnt), receding, as when the tide flows back to the sea.

refugee (rĕf'ū-jē'), one who flees for safety.

regnant (rĕg'nănt), reigning; ruling; prevalent.

repudiated (rē-pū'di-āt-ĕd), renounced; refused to accept as true.

retribution (rĕt'ri-bū'shŭn), recompense; retaliation; return suitable to deserts.

retributory (rē-trib'ū-tō-ri), involving retaliation, or getting even.

seneschal (sĕn'ĕ-shăl), an officer in the houses of princes or dignitaries, in the Middle Ages, who had the superintendence of feasts, etc.

shards (shärdz), sharp, brittle fragments as of stone.

simultaneous (sī'mŭl-tā'nē-ŭs), happening at the same time.

solstice (sŏl'stĭs), one of the times when the sun is farthest from the equator.

spit, a slender rod for holding and roasting meat.

starboard, that side of a vessel on the right of a person on board facing the bow.

startles, begins to grow; springs up.

subvert (sŭb-vûrt'), to overturn from the foundation; ruin utterly; corrupt.

supplanted (sŭ-plănt'ĕd), replaced; superseded; took the place of.

swound (swōōnd), a faint.

taciturn (tăs'ĭ-tûrn), silent; not given to conversation.

tegument (tĕg'ū-mĕnt), the skin; a covering.

tenebrous (tĕn'ē-brŭs), gloomy; dark.

termagant (tûr'mà-gănt), one who is quarrelsome.

titanic (tī-tăn'ĭk), enormous in size and strength; superhuman.

ubiquity (ū-bĭk'wĭ-tĭ), existence everywhere, or in all places at the same time.

unfrequented (ŭn'frē-kwĕnt'ĕd), rarely visited.

usurpation (ū'zûr-pa'shŭn), the act of seizing and enjoying the place, power and functions or the like, without right.

vehemently (vē'hē-mĕnt-lĭ), strongly; furiously.

vestige (vĕs'tĭj), a track or a footstep; trace.

vibrant (vī-brănt), throbbing.

visage (vĭz'ăj), face.

wold (wōld), a region without woods; a plain or low hill.

younkers (yŭng'kĕrz), youngsters; young boys.

